



No. 329.—VOL. XXVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post. 6½d.



THE BEAUTIFUL MIRIAM CLEMENTS, WHO MAKES SUCH AN IMPOSING PRINCESS IN "A COURT SCANDAL," NOW TRANSFERRED TO THE GARRICK THEATRE.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

THE REV. EDWARD RAM AND THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

MAY THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND BURN INCENSE OR NOT?

The Rev. Edward Ram, the Vicar of St. John's, Timberhill, Norwich, has put the Church of England on the horns of a dilemma. The Rev. Henry Westall, Vicar of St. Cuthbert's, Philbeach Gardens, has helped him to toss the Church on the same point of difficulty which occupied the attention of the two Prelates sitting in the historic Guard Room of Lambeth Palace last week. The dilemma is this. Mr. Ram and his fellow in the pillory have been carrying on certain ritualistic practices, including the burning of incense, and they thus defy all the powers of law and order in Church and State. They pool-pooch any lay tribunal, or one that Parliament may constitute. So the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, at the request of the Bishops of London and Norwich, and with the consent of the whole Episcopal Bench, have adopted the instruction in the Prayer-Book, by which it is provided, "for the resolution of doubts concerning the manner how to understand, do, and execute the things contained in this Book (of Common Prayer), that parties who have any doubt or diversely take anything shall always resort to the Bishop of the Diocese, who shall take order for quieting and appeasing the same. And if the Bishop be in doubt, then he may send for the resolution thereof to the Archbishop." The dilemma in which the Church is placed is that the proceedings of this self-constituted Court of Inquiry are not in the slightest degree binding on the parsons pilloried. As a matter of fact, Dr. Temple expressly declares that the proceedings which took place in the Guard Room last week were not a Court at all. They have been described officially as the "Archbishops' Hearing." And yet an imposing machinery has been put in motion to come to a decision which is not a decision at all (for no fewer than seventeen counsel, assistants, and experts were engaged in the case). That may strike you as a thoroughly Gilbertian situation, but the "Archbishops' Hearing" resolves itself into nothing more or less.

While most Londoners were basking in the sun at Leyton, watching the Australians, the reverend gentlemen in the Guard Room at Lambeth Palace were sweating over ponderous tomes on the momentous question of the day. One speaker on Friday was tossing about on the pages of Platina's "History of the Popes," which was referred to by Polydore Virgil and Bradford. Platina wrote in the fifteenth century, and ascribed the origin of incense to about 795-815. Another argued

learnedly that incense was one of the "dark and dumb" ceremonies reprobated at the Reformation. And so on the noise of battle rang.

And now for Mr. Ram and his fellow incense-burner, Mr. Westall. The latter maintains that the law allows him the ceremonial use of incense and processional lights. Mr. Ram appeals on the first point only. The authorities quoted or referred to ranged from the last edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" to a panegyric by Eusebius, delivered at Tyre in the year 312. The practice of the Catholic Church, Eastern and Western, and of the Orthodox Eastern Church, was gone into at great length, and rather needlessly, as neither party denied its existence. The whole question at issue was whether the use of incense was post-Reformation or not. And, as usual, the evidence on this point is not conclusive. Mr. Lacey, one of the clerical "experts," rather happily described the practice of the Anglican Church *temps* Edward VI. as "eccentric and eclectic." Mr. Dibdin, who appeared for the Bishops, relied upon the Act of Uniformity and the First Prayer-Book of Edward VI. to prove that ceremonial incense was actually forbidden, and that all ceremonies not mentioned in the First Prayer-Book were abolished. Mr. Westall and Mr. Ram's advocate claimed that the absence of express prohibition was tantamount to permission, a principle which would lead to some surprising results.

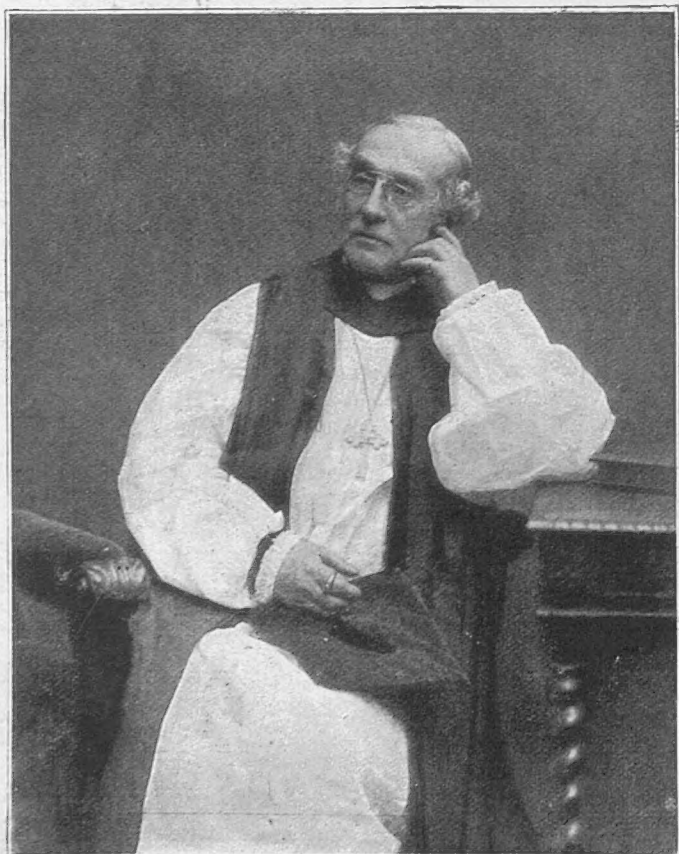
The proceedings, however, have brought to memory many quaint and curious customs of a long-gone past. Among the quotations showing old usages, one of the quaintest was from the records of St. Michael, Cornhill, where the vestry ordered in 1589 certain rules "to be written in their parchment book for perpetual memory." Also it was directed, "They shall provyde fior ffyre at all such feastes as incense is accustomed

to be offered unto Almighty God, with other things necessary to the office, according to the solemnitie of the feaste." It was suggested that incense might have been used to sweeten or perfume the church. One speaker quoted the instance of Loughborough, where there was an item "for dressing the church after the soldiers, and for frankincense to sweeten it"; and also of St. Peter's, Barnstaple, "for tobacco and frankincense burned in the church."

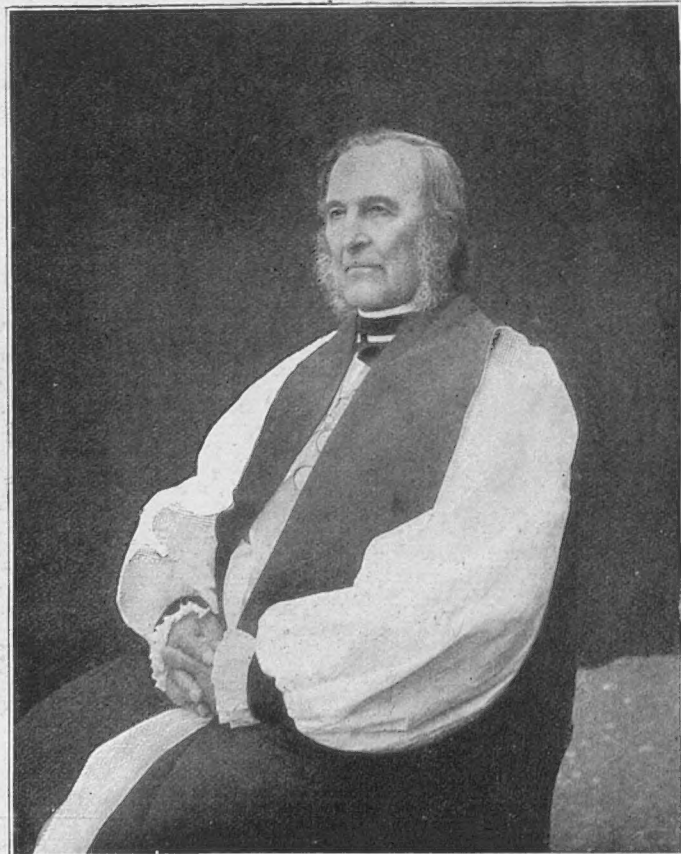
The arguments, which must seem to the man in the street such a beating of the wind, occupied no fewer than five days last week; and of course the last word has not been said.



THE REV. E. D. RAM, WHO BURNS INCENSE.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK (DR. MACLAGAN).



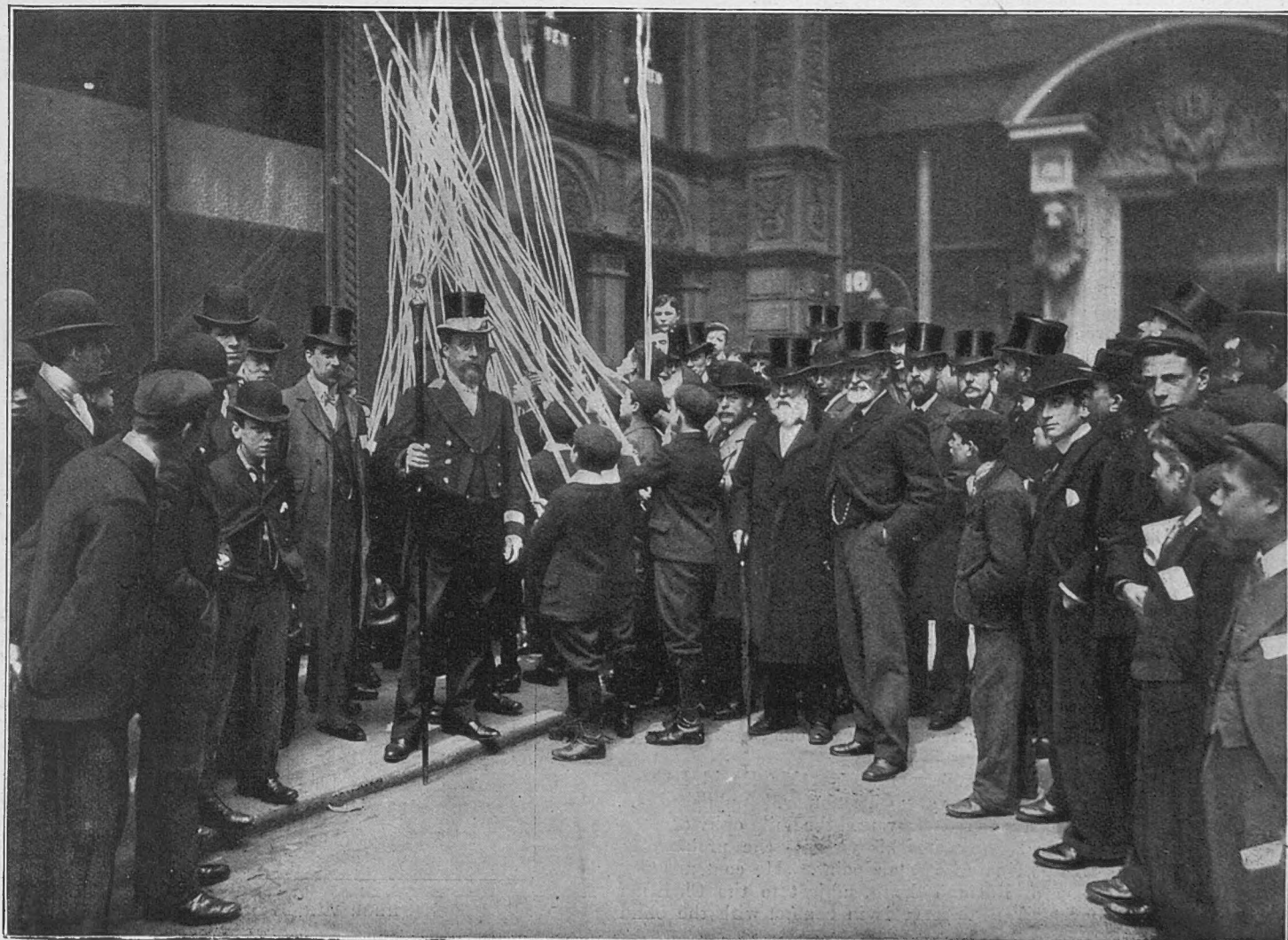
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (DR. TEMPLE).

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

HOW LITTLE LONDONERS COME TO KNOW THE BOUNDARIES



The boundaries of the Parishes of St. Sepulchre, Holborn, and St. Lawrence, Jewry, were beaten on Thursday by the choir-boys armed with willow wands. One of the most curious landmarks is the hole in the wall of the "Bodega," in Coleman Street, through which a boy has to crawl. The second picture on this page shows the lads beating Tokenhouse Yard with their wands, during which they were photographed by Reinhold Thiele, of Chancery Lane.



OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

The Promise of May for the Londoner with money in his pocket or music in his soul is the opening of the Grand Opera season at Covent Garden. Our opera is, and perhaps will always remain, mainly a social institution; yet for that very reason its repertoire is the more likely to be



MDLLE. FEBEA STRAKOSCH AS DESDEMONA.

Photo by Emblem and Ballarini, Triest.

Schumann-Heink and Madame Suzanne Adams (who recently married Mr. Leo Stern) are with us. Mr. David Bispham and Signor Ancona (who were out of the bill last season) are back, while Herr van Rooy, Herr Van Dyck, Mr. Lemprière Pringle, and, of course, Jean de Reszke, are in their places, so that there is no lack of first-rate artists for the various familiar rôles.

One of the new-comers who deserves special attention is Mdle. Febea Strakosch, who was heard last week as Santuzza and as Marguerite. Strakosch is a name to conjure with in the musical world, for the famous old Viennese family is known all over the world. Mdle. Febea is the daughter of M. Ferdinand Strakosch, Director of the Opéra in Paris, and also of the Apollo Theatre in Rome, and her uncle was Maurice Strakosch, known as a popular impresario, manager of Madame Adelina Patti, and the husband of Madame Carlotta Patti. She is now only twenty-three years of age, was born in Stockholm, and, being always surrounded by the best music of all sorts, it is not surprising that she very soon gave evidence of her gifts. She was educated in Boulogne, at the Pensionnat des Dames de Nazareth, and, after leaving that school, went at once to Paris to study under the far-famed Giovanni Sbriglia. Her début was made in Paris, where she earned high praise, and she has since sung at Nice and other Continental cities. Added to her wonderful voice, flexible and sympathetic and rich, she has a graceful and charming presence, and is a talented actress, and, as Heuvel (a leading French critic) said, "Elle ne chante pas seulement avec sa voix, mais avec sa tête et avec son cœur." Her repertoire is already a large one, and she has played Elsa in "Lohengrin," Marguerite in "Faust," Nanette in "Falstaff," the title-rôle in "Mignon," Desdemona in "Otello," Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana," Amalie in "Une Bal Masquée," Leonore in "Trovatore," Valentine in "Les Huguenots," Violette in "La Traviata," Rachel in "La Juive," Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser," Suzel in "L'Amico Fritz," Donna Anna in "Don Juan," and Manon and Juliette.

This week has opened with the first series of Wagner performances, "Tannhäuser" being given on Monday, while "The Valkyrie" comes to-morrow, "The Flying Dutchman" (so seldom heard nowadays) on Friday, and "The Meistersinger" on Saturday. How we have changed our point of view in music! Our own verdict and that of the Continent was illustrated vividly by the musical critic of an important London journal in 1852, who, in commenting on the singing and acting of that charming prima-donna, Johanna Wagner, a niece of the composer, referred, apparently without much faith in his authority, to a remark of Liszt concerning Wagner, then conductor at Dresden, to the effect that Richard Wagner would be pronounced the greatest composer of the century.

With the opening of the Opera Season we get Mr. David Irvine's new book, "Parsifal," and Wagner's "Christianity," published by Messrs. Grevel. Mr. Irvine has already traversed the philosophy of "the Ring." In the present book he states his view of the problem in "Parsifal," which is treated from every standpoint. He contends that "Parsifal" is the "drama of life and death, subject to the Christian ideal, wherein the conscious Will-to-serve is in conflict with the blind Will-to-rule."

representative, for it produces a diversity of tastes, ranging from the elderly nobleman who fixed "Il Trovatore," for example, as the last word on operatic music, to the Wagnerian enthusiast who is making "The Ring" an absolute necessity. There was enough of variety last week, when the season opened, beginning with "Lohengrin," taking us through "Cavalleria," "Pagliacci," "Carmen," "Tristan und Isolde," "Faust," and "Aida."

If there are no new-comers as yet of outstanding merit—with the exception of Herr Mottl, the conductor—we have some of our old friends raised to more important places, while a veteran like Mdle. Bauermeister still remains. Madame

THE NEW BALLET AT THE EMPIRE.

The average man regrets wasted opportunities; the visitor to the Empire will be content to regret wasted superlatives. Empire ballets have always been remarkable productions; Madame Lanner, Wilhelm, and Wenzel have long defied competition. The wealth of Paris and Brussels, the resources of La Scala and San Carlo, have failed to produce a ballet comparable to the least of the famous Empire series, and the admirers of the splendid spectacles, from "The Sports of England" to "Monte Cristo," have been so prodigal of their superlatives that "Round the Town Again" finds them bankrupt. What can be said, without seeming extravagance, of a ballet upon which sufficient money has been tastefully lavished to produce four first-class plays in the best houses of London or the Continent? One shrinks from attempting description of the costumes and from endeavour to picture the gorgeous pageantry unfolded as the ballet develops. Certainly, Wilhelm has realised moments of inspiration, and reigns supreme king of colour; the Empire Directorate has been found in a mood of positive extravagance, and Madame Lanner has taken full advantage of the event. Mr. Joseph Harker and Mr. Hawes Craven have been equal to the occasion, and the combined result is a record in the history of splendid display.

There is no dramatic story; the retirement of Madame Cavallazzi involved this departure from precedent. One part stands out from the rest, that of the trooper so cleverly and mirthfully played by Will Bishop. The company, with the single exception, stands on one plane, and is content to look charming and to play small parts with intelligence. Mdles. Cora, Ada Vincent, Genée, and Zanfretta are the favourites, and are quick to seize any chances of distinction that offer. A word of praise is due to Miss Shaw and Miss Hayes, two young girls who show distinct promise. It is not easy to say more about the acting, for spectacle predominates from first to last, and only a very great mime could create and sustain a dramatic interest in such surroundings. At the Empire Theatre, where the dancing of little children is always a pleasing feature, nothing could be more charming than the Tiger Dance in the first tableau and the Skipping-rope Dance in the third. Madame Lanner is very happy in her treatment of the little ones. She encourages them to lose self-consciousness without losing the natural grace of their years; it is impossible for the spectator, who knows nothing about dancing as an art, to see such a measure as the Skipping-rope Dance without delight. The simplicity and spontaneity of the movements appeal strongly to all. There is only one cause for regret in connection with "Round the Town Again"; it lies in the reckless introduction of hackneyed music. Given a free hand, M. Wenzel would have produced original music worthy the rest of the production. He has a genius for ballet-music; neither Hervé nor Bayer nor Marengo is his master. Unhappily, there is very little Wenzel, but there is a great deal of well-known work by Sidney Jones, Gustave Kerker, Ivan Caryll, J. M. Glover, Leslie Stuart, and Lionel Moncton.



HERR VAN DYCK AS TANNHÄUSER.

Photo by Dupont.

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 1st and 2nd Class, SATURDAY, May 20, leaving London Bridge and Victoria 10 a.m.; and 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 18, 19, and 20, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m., London Bridge 9 p.m. Fares 39s. 3d., 30s. 3d., 26s.

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ALDERSHOT ...	7 20 & 10 15	3 0	7 0 & 9 28	3 0
CANTERBURY ...	7 55	4 0	7 5	5 0
DEAL ...	7 55	4 0	7 5	5 0
DOVER ...	* 9 0	4 0	7 10	5 0
FOLKESTONE ...	* 9 0	4 0	7 10	5 0
GRAVESEND ...	Any train.	1 6	Any train.	1 6
HASTINGS ...	—	—	8 10	5 0
HYTHE ...	* 9 0	3 0	7 10	4 0
MARGATE ...	7 55	4 0	7 5	5 0
RAMSGATE ...	7 55	4 0	7 5	5 0
SANDGATE ...	* 9 0	3 0	7 10	4 0
TUNBRIDGE WELLS ...	—	—	8 10	4 0
WALMER ...	7 55	4 0	7 5	5 0

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CANTERBURY ...	a.m. 8 25	s. d. 4 0	a.m. 7 0	s. d. 5 0
DEAL ...	8 25	4 0	7 0	5 0
DOVER ...	8 25	4 0	7 0	5 0
GRAVESEND ...	Any train.	1 6	Any train.	1 6
* HASTINGS ...	—	—	9 0	5 0
HERNE BAY ...	8 0	3 0	8 0	3 6
MARGATE ...	8 0	4 0	8 0	5 0
RAMSGATE ...	8 0	4 0	8 0	5 0
SHERNESS ...	9 10	2 6	9 55	2 6
* TUNBRIDGE WELLS ...	—	—	9 0	4 0
WALMER ...	8 25	4 0	7 0	5 0
WHITSTABLE ...	8 0	3 0	8 0	3 6

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CALAIS ...	Friday to Wednesday	31 0	26 0	20 0
CALAIS ...	Saturday to Monday	22 0	—	13 6
CALAIS ...	Whit-Monday	15 0	—	10 0
FLUSHING ...	Friday to Tuesday	25 0	17 7	—
HAGUE, THE ...	8 days	33 10	23 5	—
OSTEND ...	8 days	28 3	19 9	—
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To Rugby, Nuneaton, Tamworth, Lichfield, Burton, Derby, Leicester, Nantwich, Whitechurch, Macclesfield, Stoke, and the North Staffordshire Line, for four, six, and eight days.

To Abergavenny, Dowlais, Merthyr, Tredegar, Brynmawr, Ebbw Vale, Swansea, Llandilo, for eight days.
 To Shrewsbury, Llandrindod Wells, Llangamarch Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, Bullth Wells, Rhayader, Welshpool, Wellington, Church Stretton, Craven Arms, Hereford, Oswestry, Wrexham, Newtown, Towyn, ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, Dolgelly, HARLECH, Portmadoc, Criccieth, CHESTER, Birkenhead, Holywell, RHYL, Denbigh, Ruthin, Corwen, Abergelle, LLANDUDNO, Conway, Llanrwst, Bettwsycoed, BANGOR, Llanberis, Carnarvon, Holyhead, &c., for four, eight, eleven, or fifteen days.

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OFFICE OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, STRAND, W.C.

"CAPTAIN SWIFT" AGAIN.

The trial matinée has gone out of fashion, yet it was a trial matinée eleven years ago which brought to the front Mr. Haddon Chambers, the dramatist now represented by two plays, "The Tyranny of Tears," and "Captain Swift," revived at Her Majesty's in place of the short-lived "Carnac Sahib." It may be a far cry from "Captain Swift" to "The Tyranny of Tears," and certainly the public taste has made no little change—and, to my mind, advance—since the play concerning the mysterious bushranger was hailed by the public and not a few of the critics as a work of real dramatic value. To-day even the most unsophisticated will hardly recognise in it more than an ingenious entertainment, while the most adroit would hardly detect in it the possibility of a genuine comedy such as "The Tyranny of Tears." Of course, this sounds somewhat unkind to "Captain Swift," which, after all, is a capital specimen of its class, a class not perhaps essentially humbler than that of the romantic, or so-called romantic, drama concerning which people have been making a fuss. One is tempted to admire the tact shown by Mr. Beerbohm Tree in choosing as the other item of his programme "The First Night." It affords Mr. Tree an opportunity of showing there is no little fun in him and sense of lively humour. Those who remember his really comic performance in "The Private Secretary," ere Mr. Penley took the part of the curate who didn't like London, will not be surprised at his performance as the old Frenchman. On the other hand, Mr. Tree certainly is at his best in the part of Wilding, the romantic bushranger, and shows really brilliant powers in suggesting, so far as the somewhat conventional drawing of the part will allow, the nature of the daring, resourceful outcast. Mrs. Tree's Stella is one of the most charming performances that she has given to the stage, and many of us could carry memories of it even from the first production of the play. Mr. Franklyn McLeay follows Mr. Robert Pateman and Mr. Charles Brookfield in the effective character of Marshall, the butler, to which he gives a decided personal note, whilst rendering it vivid and effective.

E. F. S.

THE LIST opened on TUESDAY, May 16, at 10 o'clock a.m., and will close at or before 2 p.m., SATURDAY, May 20.

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This Company was formed in 1892 to acquire, at a cost of £770,000, the Fleet of Steamers managed and owned by the late Mr. Frederick Richards Leyland, and the business belonging to him (which business and its predecessors had been established for over half a century), with a subscribed capital of £450,000 in Shares and £350,000 in Debentures, since which date £57,700 of the Debentures have been redeemed by the Company and paid off. £150,000 further Share Capital has been issued, and the authorised Debenture issue has been increased to £500,000.

Considerable developments have been made in the business; the total expenditure to date on new steamers since the Company's incorporation is about £600,000, this being in addition to the £57,700 Debentures redeemed at a premium; while on Dec. 31, according to the Balance-Sheet with Prospectus, the investments and cash in hand held by the Company exceeded £374,000.

With a view of yet further increasing the efficiency of the business and fleet, additional tonnage has been contracted for, to be delivered during the current year and in 1900, at a cost to the Company estimated to amount to £500,000, making an expenditure of about £1,100,000 in new steamers since the incorporation of the Company. For the purpose of providing the money required, beyond the amount of the investments and cash in hand, the Directors have determined to offer for subscription £207,700 four per cent. Debentures, being the balance of the authorised issue.

In addition to the expenditure in respect of the new steamers in the six years since the Company's incorporation, upwards of £60,000 has been spent in special repairs, converting the "Favonia," "Fabian," "Falerian," "Flavian," and the "Flaminian" into practically modern high-class cargo-steamers, by replacing the boilers and compound engines with new boilers and improved engines, and re-boilerizing the "Virginian," the whole of which expenditure has been charged against revenue.

The average dividend paid on the Ordinary Shares since the Company was formed is £11 per cent. per annum whilst in addition total Reserves, as will be seen from the enclosed Balance Sheet, have been accumulated of £285,000.

The average profits available for payment of interest on the Debentures for the last three years ending Dec. 31, 1898, after deducting all management and administrative expenses and depreciation, amounted to more than seven and a-half times the amount required to pay the Debenture interest—amounting to £20,000—on the entire issue, while the net profits of the business for the four years prior to the business being converted in 1892, and from Nov. 15, 1892, to Dec. 31, 1898, or a period of over ten years, equal on the average five and a-half times the amount required to pay the Debenture interest.

It will be noticed that the further Debenture Issue is required solely to pay for additional tonnage to increase the Company's business.

Application should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, which must be sent to the Company's Bankers or their London Agents, together with a cheque for the amount of the deposit, payable to the order of the Bankers to whom the remittance is made.

Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, but in cases where the amount applied for exceeds the amount allotted, the surplus paid on deposit will be appropriated in payment of the amount due on allotment.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Brokers, Bankers, Auditors, Solicitors, or the Secretary.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The new royal yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, is now afloat at Pembroke Dock, the Duchess of York having cut the cord that bound the "Sea Queen's floating palace" last week. The vessel is the third of the name. All of these have been built at Pembroke. The first, built in 1843, was rechristened in 1855 the *Osborne*, and was broken up in 1868. She was a paddle-boat. The second, built of wood and launched in 1855, was also a paddle-boat, as everybody knows. The new yacht has twin-screws, and has been designed by Sir William White. She will be decorated and furnished by the Warings, and will be ready for a cruise early in the summer of 1900. Here are the yachts compared:—



PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG,
SUCCESSOR TO ADMIRAL FULLERTON ON THE
"VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

1843 (paddle), 200 ft. long, 33 ft. broad, 1034 tons, 12 knots; 1855 (paddle), 338 ft. long, 40½ ft. broad, 2470 tons, 16½ knots; 1899 (screw), 439 ft. long, 50 ft. broad, 4700 tons, 17 to 20 knots.

The late Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland, with good looks, great

wealth, one of the finest houses in London, a charming wife, and two sons godchildren of royal Princes, can yet hardly be regarded as one of fortune's favourites. For several years he had enjoyed but indifferent health, and had only attained the age of five-and-thirty when he died, after a severe illness of some months' duration. There was, too, one painful incident in his life which could hardly fail to embitter it, though he was absolutely without blame in the calamity. When deer-stalking with his father, the late Colonel Tom Naylor-Leyland, some thirteen years ago, he had the misfortune to be instrumental in his sudden and tragic death. Colonel Naylor-Leyland handed his rifle to his son when the party made a halt, and the weapon, which was at full-cock, went off, killing the unfortunate sportsman, I think, on the spot. This tragedy told much upon Captain Naylor-Leyland, and he left England to travel for a considerable period. Some years later, he returned to this country to embark on a political career, which, though it brought him a baronetcy, could hardly be considered successful. His conflict with Sir Weetman Pearson will be recalled by many, and there was, if

I remember rightly, a law-suit with one of his agents or secretaries that must have caused him much annoyance, while his somewhat sudden change of politics evoked remarks that could not have been wholly pleasant.

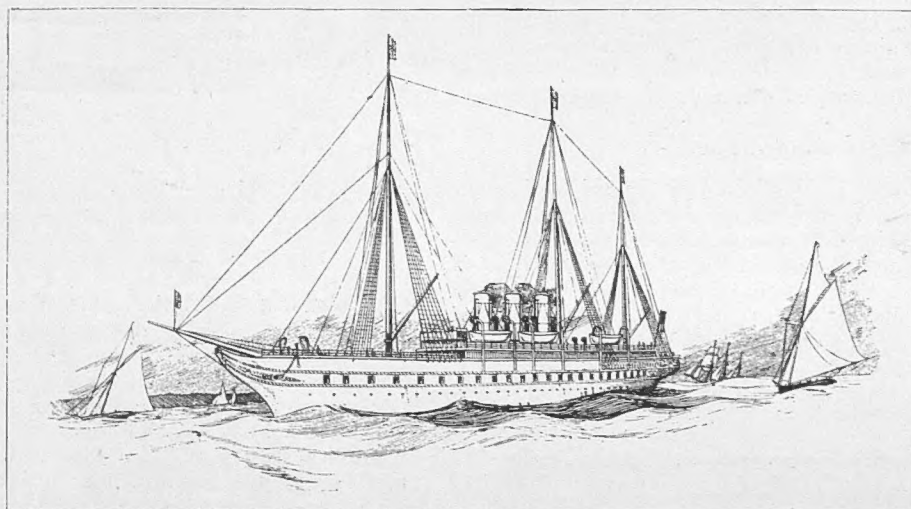
"The Yadu," says the historian of Rajputana, Lieut.-Colonel James Tod, "was the most illustrious of the tribes of Ind, and became the patronymic of the descendants of Boodha, progenitor of the Lunar (Indu) race." The chiefs of Jessulmer and Karauli, of the Jadon clan, claim descent from the Yadu or Jadon Kings, who are said to have ruled in ancient times from the places now known as Allahabad and Muttra. Jessulmer, the acknowledged

head of the Bhatia Rajputs, rules a sandy tract in the west of Rajputana extending to the Sindh Desert, while the little State of Karauli in the north-east adjoins Bhartpur and Dholpur. His Highness Maharaj Adhiraj Maharawal Salivahan Bahadur of Jessulmer, who was born in 1887, is being educated at the Mayo College in Ajmere. On another occasion I shall give a picture of the Chief of Karauli.



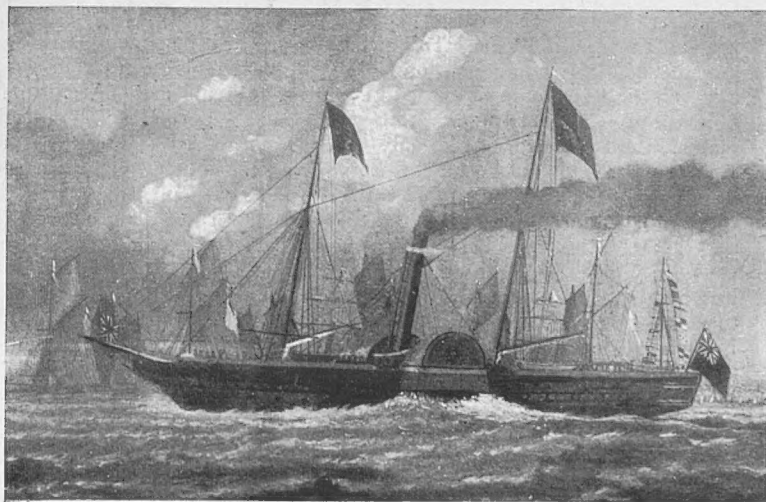
HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJ ADHIRAJ MAHARAWAL
SALIVAHAN BAHADUR OF JESSULMER,
BORN IN 1887.

Photo by Herzog and Higgins, Mhow.

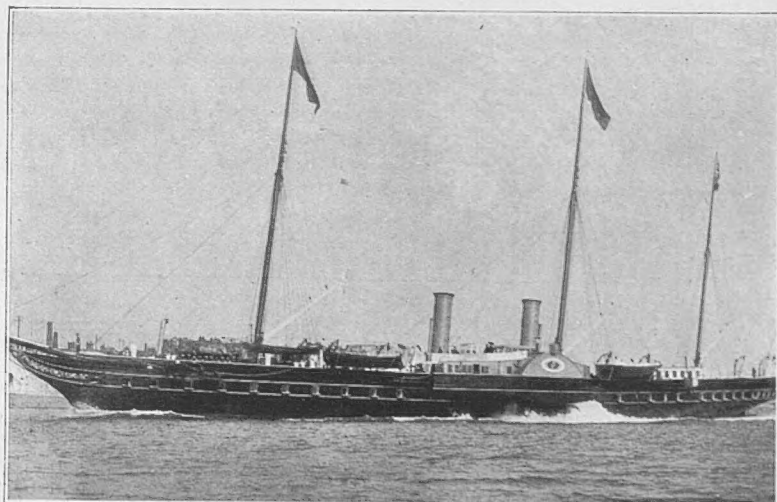


THE NEW ROYAL YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the rich American banker, has been in the habit of going to Aix, and, noticing that, though all measures were taken for the cure and comfort of the rich, the poor were, as sometimes happens in this world, passed over, has now generously decided to build a hospital and infirmary for the treatment of moneyless natives and visitors. The well-known Dr. Blanc has already received fifty thousand francs from Mr. Morgan to purchase the land, and it is rumoured that several other rich Americans and English will follow this generous example to assist a most excellent and charitably conceived good work. One wonders what would become of Continental charities without the ubiquitous American.



THE FIRST "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," BUILT IN 1843.



THE PRESENT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," BUILT IN 1855.

There are few cities in Holland more delightful than The Hague, and no place in The Hague more charming at this season of the year than the "Huis ten Bosch," or House in the Wood, where the delegates attending the Peace Conference are now sitting. This royal palace is easily reached from the centre of the town, along a road bordered on



THE PALACE IN THE WOOD, WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE IS MEETING.
Taken from the Gardens.

one side by the wood that stretches to Amsterdam, and on the other by the trim villas of wealthy citizens. As a rule, the public can obtain admission to the Palace on payment of a small fee, but since May 1 this privilege has been temporarily withdrawn, and will not be renewed until the Conference has risen. The view afforded by the photograph reproduced here shows the rooms that face the gardens; the front entrance is very unpretentious. What the Palace lacks in external decoration it makes up for with internal magnificence. There is a Chinese Room, hung round with marvellous tapestries presented to a former King of Holland by an Emperor of China; a Japanese Room, with a strange chandelier seemingly made of cups and saucers; there are costly cabinets filled with rare native work in ivory and precious metals. As though by way of contrast, the Palace contains one or two boudoirs with remarkably common wall-papers that would not be out of place in a seaside boarding-house.

The show place of the House in the Wood is the splendid room wherein the Conference sits. It is very large, very high, and many-sided; the panelled walls are painted by nine pupils of Rubens, and the chief picture deals with the triumph of one of the great Kings of Holland over vice and sickness. The modern artist might be content with an expression of limited admiration for the room, and find in the work of the nine pupils not a few of their master's worst faults, but the casual sightseer is invariably impressed with the famous Orange Room, and it is probable that the panels have grown tired of hearing from



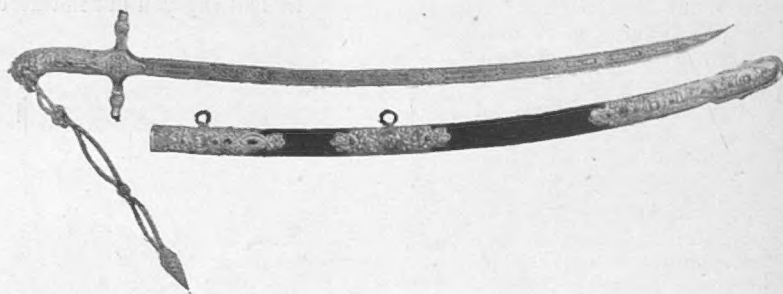
THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER ON HIS MOTOR TANDEM QUADRICYCLE.
Photo by Shaw, Farrow, and Co., Oxford.

English and American lips the Alpha and Omega of the average man's expression of appreciation for art—"wonderful" and "splendid." The late King died at the Huis ten Bosch; the ex-Queen-Regent and Queen Wilhelmina have not hitherto spent much time there, though in frosty weather the young Queen skates on one of the ponds at the end of the Palace Gardens, and sometimes in summer calls at the Palace to take tea. The delegates to the Peace Conference dine at the House in the

Wood. They could not find in all Holland a more inviting place for their great work. Looking from the Conference Hall to the peaceful woods stretching away to the far distance, a thought of war becomes positively horrible.

No fewer than eight of the unfortunate victims of the *Stella* were insured by the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, namely: Captain Reeks, Commander of the *Stella*, £250; Richard Lamerton, steward, £250; Messrs. Nathaniel Dixon, £500; P. H. Davis, £500; R. H. Moon, £500; A. Thompson, £500; F. Agnew, £500; A. Carrington, £500. The three first held the ordinary general accident policy, which covers all risks within the limits of Europe, but the five last held a special insurance for a mere nominal consideration, which limited the risk, so far as travelling by sea goes, to an accident happening to the steamer between the ports of and on rivers in the United Kingdom. When the papers were referred to the solicitors of the company, in the usual course, they pointed out to the directors that, legally, the corporation was not liable, inasmuch as they considered the Channel Islands not to be ports within the United Kingdom. Notwithstanding, the directors have decided to pay each claim in full, without raising the question of liability, subject to the production of the usual documents proving title.

When Colonel Hector Macdonald was introduced to the Prince of Wales at the Royal Academy Banquet, he mentioned that this was not the first time he had met his Royal Highness. "When you came to Lahore," he said, "I was Sergeant of the Guard of Honour." The Prince, who did not admire him the less because he had risen from the ranks, remarked that Macdonald was a good fellow. It was in this character that he appealed most strongly to the great dinner-party which cheered him and feasted him and girt him with a Sword of Honour at the Hôtel Cecil the other day. The modesty of his speech was as unaffected as his enjoyment of the proceedings. He delivered it with as pure a Highland accent as if he had left the tartan warehouse in Inverness only a year ago. Yet, when he spoke privately to brother officers and other friends, his accent was quite English.



THE SWORD PRESENTED TO COLONEL HECTOR MACDONALD.

Correspondents praise the courtesy and kindness which he showed to them in the Soudan. Twice even during the Battle of Omdurman the Colonel inquired of one of them if he was all right. The familiar names applied to him at the banquet were evidence of the personal friendliness with which he is regarded. "Old Mac," "Fighting Mac," "Good old Mac!" were among the exclamations during his speech. His consideration was also shown by the fact that immediately after replying to the toast of his health—the first ordeal of his British campaign—he went to the gallery of the dining-hall to chat with lady friends. It may safely be assumed that they joined in the admiration of the beautiful sword with which he had just been presented.

Lord Hugh Cecil is now regarded as one of the ablest debaters in the House. He is to-day what his father was when Lord Robert Cecil. There is the same fearlessness, the same incisiveness, the same readiness. Every speech adds evidence of his intellectual adroitness. If he were not the son of the Prime Minister, he would be certain of the offer of the first vacancy in the Government. Several members have made brilliant maiden speeches or have shone on some particular occasion, but Lord Hugh Cecil alone has sustained and even increased the reputation made on a successful first appearance. The House takes immense interest in him, and is proud of him. To be the son of a brilliant member of a past generation is a recommendation to the present generation. The House appreciates heredity in talent, and even the Radicals are pleased to find political ability descending from Cecil to Cecil. Lord Hugh is entirely a man of intellect. In him the body seems as nothing. Very tall he is, also very thin; he stoops, like his father, he drags his long legs, and his face is excessively pale. Here surely is a case where the spirit is greater than the flesh! The House is thoroughly convinced of Lord Hugh's sincerity, and listens to his speeches with the respect due to a man of exceptional capacity who thinks and who says what he thinks. This respect is not lessened by his zeal for the Church of England. Nothing is more likely to excite the contempt of the House than the suspicion of cant, but Lord Hugh would not assume even the political virtue of discretion for the sake of anything that Parliament might offer.

The Duke of Manchester's latest acquisition is a motor tandem quadricycle, upon which the Duke, accompanied by Mr. Moffat Ford, spent the greater part of the Easter Vacation. The longest run was from Aldenham Abbey, Watford, through London to Eastbourne, the severe gradients upon the route being successfully negotiated and overcome by the machine. The Duke is fascinated with his iron steed.

The Emperor William has the instincts of the artist strong in him. When he visited his Embassy in the Palazzo Caffarelli in Rome five years ago, he undertook to embellish the large ball-room, and gave full liberty to Professor Hermann Prell to adorn the stately hall according to his fancy. Certainly the confidence of the Imperial art-patron has not been misplaced, as all Rome could bear witness when the decorations were unveiled before the King and Queen of Italy a few days ago. A correspondent in Rome describes the decorations as follows—

Over a scagliola wainscoting with escutcheons of twenty-two German States are stretched the canvas paintings in tempera which it has taken the artist three years to complete, the walls having proved too uneven and otherwise unsuited for fresco. The largest picture is 46 ft. by over 19 in. in height, the others being about 39½ ft. long. The theme is taken from the Edda, the ancient Bible of Scandinavia, and the painter, to simplify and adapt them to his subject, has liberally interpreted the saga therefrom of the love of the Sun-god Freia for the Earth-maiden Gerda. Held captive during winter by the Ice-giants, she is in the springtide restored to freedom by the Sun, and throughout the summer protected by him in thunder-storms which keep the giants at bay till with the waning of the season he succumbs, and the Earth-maiden once more becomes a prisoner, ice-bound. The rendering of the legend begins with the bronze-painted group of the witch Saga, who, a crow perched on her right hand, listens to the whisperings of the severed head of the wise giant Mimir, whose murmuring talk is symbolical of the babbling brook indicated by the jar of flowing water at her feet.

In the first picture, close by, we see the Sun-god just descended to earth, with equerry behind him watering his milk-white steed at a placid brook. Beneath an ash-tree are the three Swan-maidens on the emerald-green sward of springtide, who implore him to rescue the captive Gerda. Pleasingly rendered



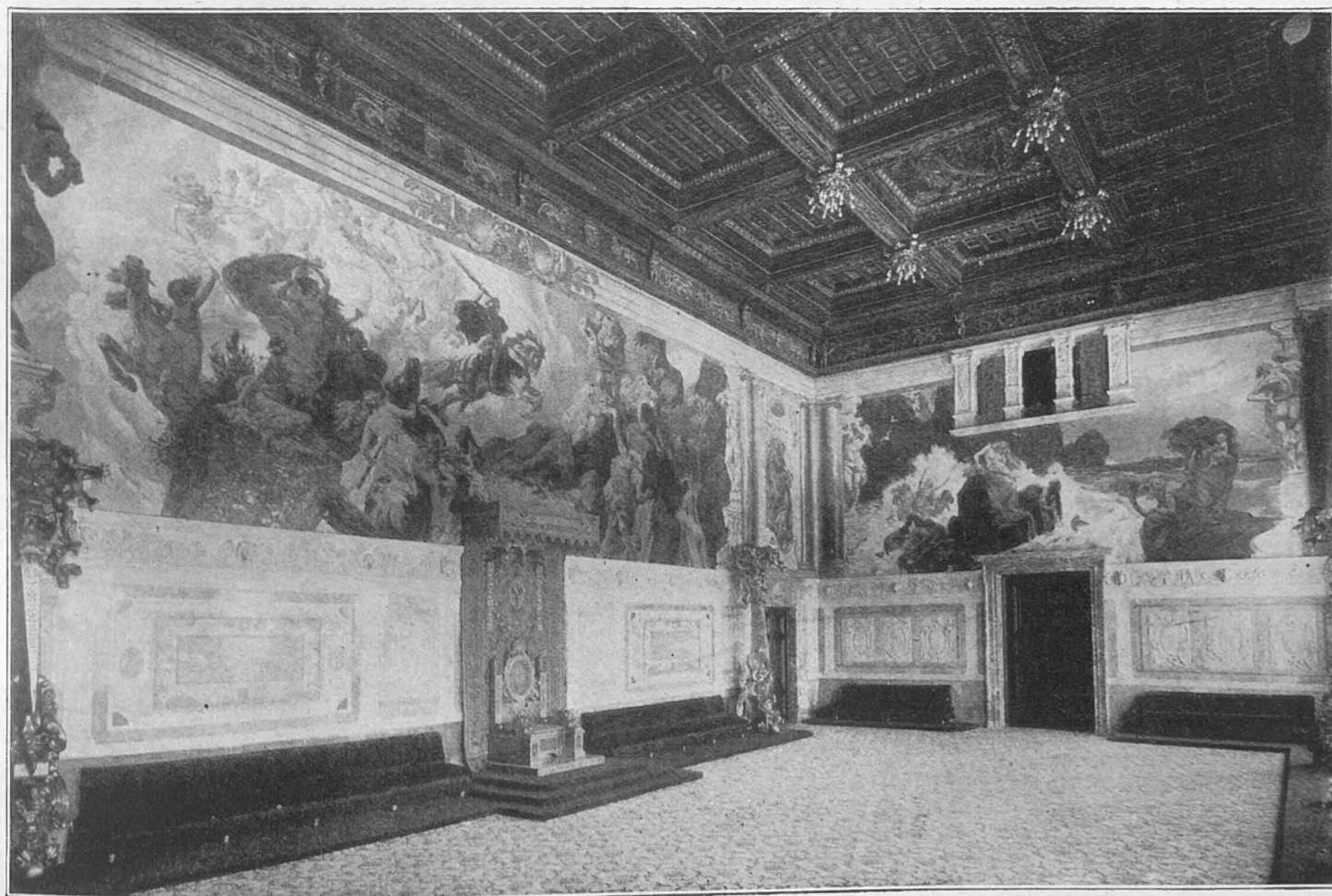
ALLEGORIC FIGURE OF GERMANIA, FLANKED BY HER GLORY AND HER WEALTH.

are the freshness of spring, the rocky heights, and the distant snow-top.

On the wall behind the throne is painted the bronze group of Freia embracing Gerda, and next to it is the large allegory of summer. On rocky mountain-top the Sun-god, astride his white charger, leads the attacking host of Cloud-maidens—the Valkyrie. The foremost Ice-giant lies slain by the lightning sword of the god, and in vain the storm-eagle urges the giants to hurl rocks at the victors. In a cleft where melting snows give birth to a stream sits the grim goddess Grid, while, surrounded by a bevy of fair attendants, Gerda stands triumphant, a breeze-wafted, flower-flecked veil of lightest grey revealing her youthful beauty of form. Autumn—a season unknown to the Norsemen—is typified by the blind giant Hödur, who has slain the Sun-god with the only thing that could kill him—a mistletoe branch.

The last picture of the legend is that of Winter. Purple-draped Gerda, about to be ice-bound once more, sits weeping on a rock in a billow-tossed sea whose mermaids bewail her fate. Nearly hidden by conquering storm-clouds, the red sun sets in the water. To the right, by the side of Bragi, the ancient scald of the gods, who is mournfully touching a lyre, stands the goddess Norme nursing Veli, the infant avenger of springtide to come. Highly artistic is the composition of this seascape, with massive, slow-curling, cold-green waves, and storm-beaten, precipitous coast, which forms an excellent background to the well-assorted figures. Germania, with by her side Freia and Gerda to signify the glory and wealth of the Fatherland, faces the throne, on the canopy of which is writ "Vom fels zum meer," and at the sides "Sub umbra alarum tuorum protego nos."

A deep-panelled ceiling of dark walnut-wood, with the arms of the original proprietors, the Caffarelli, and with cluster of electric-lamps, affords an excellent set-off to the mural decoration. Herr Prell, who is Professor of the Academy of Dresden, is well known as a fresco-painter in his native land, where he has appropriately decked the walls of large buildings, such as the Institute of Architects at Berlin, the Town-halls of Worms, Hildesheim, and Danzig, and the Museum of Breslau.



HOW THE EMPEROR WILLIAM HAS DECORATED HIS EMBASSY, ROME: THRONE-ROOM, SHOWING MURAL DECORATIONS ILLUSTRATING SUMMER AND WINTER.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. MOSCIONI, ROME.

M. Justin Clérice, whose name is familiar to Londoners as the composer of "The Royal Star" and "The Coquette," produced by



M. JUSTIN CLÉRICE.
Photo by Clerc, Paris.

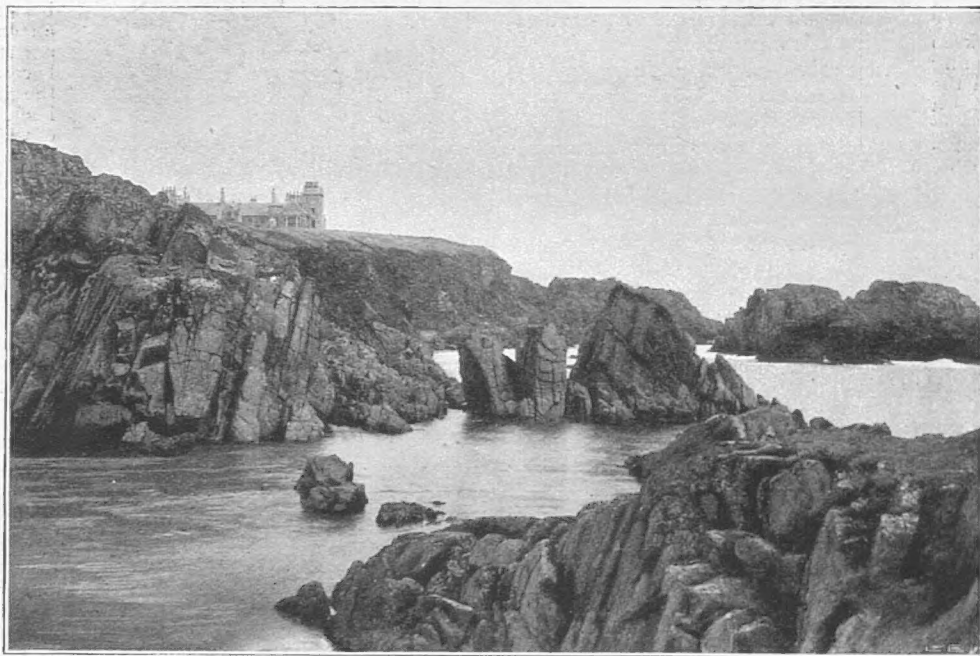
Mr. Lowenfeld, which, though they did not obtain the suffrages of the public, displayed much technical skill and considerable delicate imagination, was born some five-and-thirty years ago in Buenos Ayres. At the age of seventeen he produced his first opera, and was sent by his Government to the Conservatoire in Paris, where he finished his studies under Professor Pessard and Léo Delibes. In 1886 he made a great success at the Trinitade Theatre in Lisbon with "Le Meunier d'Alcala," which was followed by "Figarella" and "Monsieur Huchot" at the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiens, Paris. M. Clérice is the author of many artistic and successful ballets, of numerous pieces and romances for the piano, and has been commissioned to compose a grand three-act ballet to Paris in connection with next year's Great Exhibition. M. Clérice is a member of the French Academy of Music, and a Chevalier of the Order of Christ (of Portugal).

Near the new golf-course at Cruden Bay, on the rugged coast of Aberdeenshire, stands on a cliff Slains Castle, the residence of the Earl of Erroll, and beyond the castle are the famous Bullers of Buchan. The Bullers have been mentioned not only by Scott, but also by Dr. Johnson and Thomas Carlyle. In "Sartor Resartus" you read: "Thus daily is the intermediate land crumbling-in, daily the empire of the two Buchan-bullers extending." What is a "Buller"? The country-people in Boswell's day called it "the Pot," and the name was supposed to spring from the French *bouloir*. It is a huge cauldron or "pot" of water surrounded by high rocks, the sea finding ingress through a natural archway.

When Johnson was at the place, he insisted on taking a boat and sailing into "the Pot." But that was not the worst of it. Poor Boswell was terribly alarmed when he saw the great Doctor striding irregularly along the narrow path which runs round the Buller on the top of the rocks. On each side, for a considerable distance, there is deep sea, and younger men than Johnson have feared to walk along the path when the wind is high. The situation of Slains Castle is very romantic. A stone dropped from the windows of one of the rooms will, it is said, fall into the sea. Inland is bare agricultural country, where fine black bullocks are fed for the London market, but where trees cannot thrive. Johnson, when visiting the "excellent old house" at Slains, described the situation as the noblest he had ever seen, "better than Mount Edgecumbe, reckoned the first in England." The Lord Erroll of his day was the son of the Lord Kilmarnock who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1746. He was six feet four inches high, and by his countenance and deportment he reminded Dr. Beattie of an ancient hero. The family of the Errolls is, of course, exceedingly old. According to an ode by Beattie, "A thousand years have seen it shine." It enjoys the highest hereditary distinction in the United Kingdom, after those enjoyed by royalty, the head of the family being Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland. The present Earl is Assistant Adjutant-General for Cavalry, and his mother, who lives at Kew Cottage, is a Lady of the Bedchamber to her Majesty. He was one of the chief promoters of the branch railway by which golfers may now reach Cruden Bay, and the development of the bay will benefit his estate. Although he began to golf only a year or two ago, he now plays a good game.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who paid one of his few visits to the House of Commons the other evening, is about to take up his permanent residence in his native land. For a long time Mr. Carnegie has had a special liking for the Highlands, with which he first became acquainted on one of his coaching tours, with Matthew Arnold and his friend Mr. John Morley as companions. In this love for the North Country Mrs. Carnegie shares to the full, and nowhere feels more at home than in their new place at Skibo. Mr. Carnegie owns a considerable tract of land all round the Castle. The district is reputed to be one of the driest in Scotland, and Mr. Gladstone, speaking to Mr. Carnegie of the charms of Skibo, termed it "the garden spot of Scotland." The work of renovation, now proceeding with all expedition, is to cost a sum of £25,000, and on its completion Skibo Castle will be the finest-equipped mansion-house in the North. The inmates of Skibo are awakened every morning by the skirl of the bagpipes, then follow the tones of a fine organ. To these instruments Mr. Carnegie is extremely partial, and a company of "musicians" are an indispensable contingent of the Skibo Castle household. Everybody knows that Mr. Carnegie is a keen angler, and in order to the full enjoyment of his sport he has restocked all the lochs on his estate.

The issue in one massive volume of the Charters accumulated during a long lifetime by the late David Laing, which he bequeathed to Edinburgh University, should be a great boon to historians, lawyers, and antiquarians generally. The Rev. John Anderson, of the Historical Department of the Edinburgh Register House, is responsible for the book. This mass of documents is numbered, and there is a good index. The first Charter, in Anglo-Saxon, is by King Æthelwulf, in favour of the monks of God and St. Peter at Winchester; the last is from King George III., in favour of Macdonald of Glengarry. Dr. Laing was born in 1790, and the period of a busy literary life covered sixty years, and closed only at his death in 1878. He supplied notes for one of Messrs. Black's editions of the "Waverley" novels, and was profoundly learned in the ecclesiastical and literary history of Scotland.



SLAINS CASTLE, THE EYRIE HOME OF THE EARL OF ERROLL.
Photo by Cooper and Porter.

own experience, to give interesting descriptions of events which occurred during the early part of the present century, her memory taking her back to important epochs which were indelibly impressed upon the tablet of her memory. She does not seem to have the same interest in later historical events well known to those by whom she is surrounded. She scarcely seems to recognise that she has really lived over a century; but yet, on careful consideration, she is bound to admit that she must be of a good round age, from the knowledge of scarcely any of her friends in early womanhood being still in the land of the living. She still enjoys a ride in her low phaeton. Mrs. Muir has nine children living and twelve grandchildren, one of whom is Mr. William Muir, draper, Castle Northwich, Cheshire; another resides in Stourbridge, and a third lives in Australia, the rest remaining residents of the land of their birth. Of seven great-grandchildren, four are living.



MRS. MUIR IS 101 YEARS OLD.

Mill Hill School is where the Dissenters come from, but that does not prevent them being interested in the stage. So they produced "Paul Pry" the other day, under the supervision of Mr. H. J. Tucker.

A certain French cook, after having presided over the kitchen of the President of the Republic for the pittance of twenty-seven thousand

francs a-year, sadly shook the dust of his native land from his feet and emigrated to America, where he found a Vanderbilt to give him fifty thousand. Which little event has been the text for a frothy discussion among his countrymen. They say the art of cooking is dying out in France. Cooks and public both agree in this, but they charge each other with the cause. "The French public is degenerate," say the cooks; "it no longer knows a good sauce from a bad one."

"Qu'est ce que vous voulez?" retaliates the public. "The

cooks may still be artists, but they are no longer cooks." This is direct speech. "If you want the matter demonstrated," says a Parisian who may be considered to represent the public, "look at the so-called culinary exhibitions given in Paris every year. These exhibitions do not ask the judgment of the palate; they ask the judgment of the eye. They ask you to criticise Swiss chalets made in butter and Louis XV. furniture made in cake. They wish to imitate the Salon, and they show hard sculpture sentimentally disposed in palm bowers, and canvases with foregrounds of string beans and sunsets of tomato-catsup. It is the last word in impressionism, if you like; but it is not cookery—it is anarchy." "For a further proof, look at the books on cooking," says my Parisian; "they have followed the movement, and aspire to be literary. If you open, for example, at the word 'bisque,' instead of

telling you how to make this soup, the writer begins by saying that 'bisque comes from the Sanskrit of *skanda*, of which the root *ska*, to rise up, to move, refers to the manner in which the crawfish, when in danger, shows its agitation by a lively gesticulation of its tail or caudal appendage.' Imagine your domestic getting dinner by such a receipt! And as a surplus there is the pompous Académie de Cuisine, which

aspires to a level with the Académie Française, and which to-day discusses nothing but vulgar novelties. It came together recently to declare officially that it is possible to make a very good 'Sauce Hollandaise' with oleomargarine. Shades of Brillat-Savarin!" exclaims my Parisian. "It is to this that we have come."

The bright sunshine of the past few days, however welcomed by us ordinary shivering mortals, has caused only groans and lamentations amongst the Pigeon-Shooters both

in the Bois and at Hurlingham. The Neuilly Handicap, which brought all Paris to the Bois a few days ago, was favourable from the pigeon's and the spectator's point of view, perhaps, but certainly not to the sportsmen, and many little birds are living at the moment which would have been dangling from the caterer's hooks had not bright sunshine and strong breezes thrown dust in the eyes of the gunmen. Comte de Montesquieu, who is a crack shot, did well with eight straight kills.

The first match with the Australians, which took place last week at the Crystal Palace against a team representing the South of England, captained by "W. G.," showed that the South of her Majesty's Dominions were more than a match for the Old Country. The three days' playing resulted in a draw greatly in favour of Australia.



THE BOYS OF MILL HILL SCHOOL MASQUERADING IN "PAUL PRY."

Photo by Russell and Sons, Wimbledon.



THE AUSTRALIANS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

With very great respect, as they say in the Law Courts, I would fain beg brethren of the quill who write cricket notes and reports to pause and reflect. The season is yet young, the worst pitches in the kingdom have not had time to show the malice that in them lies, and yet we are already hearing cricketers described as heroes, while the cricket-ground is—in the eyes of the excited reporter—a field of battle, an arena of strife, or something equally ridiculous. I yield to no man in my love for cricket; I was a cricket fag at eleven years of age, I have captained the first eleven of my school, and played from early morning until the light was too bad for aught but the insidious game of "tip and run." I know all the best grounds from Kennington Oval to Bramall Lane, and have seen the best players of the generation. Consequently, I claim to be an experienced lover of the game, and I most earnestly protest against the modern nomenclature that confuses war and cricket matches. In these days, when Lord Kitchener, Jagers, Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Grace, Dan Leno, Tod Sloan, Hall Caine, and John Roberts are all heroes, and do heroic things, the time is come to protest. We owe a duty to our generation, and a little judgment, coupled with a modicum of restraint, may save us from some merciless satirist yet in his teens who will rise up and call us foolish. Cricket is a fine game, but it does not make or mar heroes, and there is no innate heroism in the act of scoring a century on a billiard-table wicket, or getting six wickets for six runs apiece on a crumbling ground in a bad light, or in playing a good game for a losing side. These feats represent a combination of skill and practice, and should not have a false label. Cricket does not require bombastic language. *Verbum sap.*

The people of New Zealand are sending to Europe a talented little violinist, Miss Celia Dampier, who, born in Auckland, has had her talent fostered and developed, so far, in her native land. She played the violin in public at six years of age, and has for the last three years (she

is now fourteen) been the sole bread-winner for her family, having toured the colony several times, playing in the principal towns. In the wreck of the *Tasmania* Celia lost the beautiful violin that the Auckland people had presented to her, and she very nearly lost her life in the dreadful storm which destroyed that fine steamship. For twelve hours the child, with several other passengers, tossed about on a dark, wild night on the stormy ocean, and when they landed in the morning the poor girl was more dead than alive. Her first words were, on recovering consciousness, "Is my violin saved?" Alas, it was at the bottom of the Pacific, and could never be recovered! The generous New Zealanders, always ready to acknowledge genius and willing to help in development, got up concerts through the length and breadth



A LITTLE GIRL WHO NEARLY
LOST HER LIFE AT SEA.

Photo by Falk, Sydney.

of the land, when sufficient money was raised and placed in the hands of trustees to enable the child to pursue her studies in Europe. She is now on her way to England, and in passing through Sydney was asked to play at the "Farewell At-Home" given to the Governor, Viscount Hampden, and Lady Hampden when they left New South Wales on the Governor retiring from office. Her talents were so much appreciated that a recital was given by her by special request, the proceeds of which helped to swell the fund for her visit to Europe.

The South-Western Railway's annual sale of goods and chattels left in the railway-train reminds me of a startling declaration once made by one of the officials of the London and South-Western Railway. I had gone in search of a well-beloved umbrella, and entered into conversation with one of the gentlemen in uniform whose habitat is Waterloo Station. I suggested that the company could add one per cent. to its dividends by including among its bye-laws a regulation that all goods found in the trains would become the property of the railway. The uniformed one doubted whether the result would be as profitable as I thought, and went on to say that the owners of the flotsam and jetsam cast up at the terminus seldom or never appeared to claim their property. "Thousands of people," he said, "leave umbrellas, books, gloves, bags, baskets, and tobacco-pouches in the train and never take the trouble to come here and claim them. They are too lazy or too indifferent." I ventured to suggest that the official point of view was incorrect, pointing out that it would be unsafe for any man to go about Waterloo Station without an experienced guide. I endeavoured to show how little the man would profit, who recovered all he had mislaid, and lost himself in the labyrinthine ways wherein the wild porter is often to be found in a savage state. Mr. Official, with a fine sense of *esprit de corps*, would not admit this, but I will maintain it in the face of the world. If some intrepid traveller would publish a Guide to Waterloo Station, the losers of luggage would be prompt to seek their lost goods. Until the Guide is

published, they will be consoled to think that only dispensable articles have entered the bourne from which few travellers could hope to return.

General Melvill, who was entertained by the Anglo-American Club, Dresden, the other day, at a banquet given to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the British Army, is the son of Canon Henry Melvill, of St. Paul's Cathedral (one of the most eloquent divines of this century). He was born at Camberwell in the year 1832, was educated at Haileybury College, and thence gazetted cornet in the Bengal Cavalry at the early age of sixteen, and sailed immediately for India, where his entire military career was passed. He owed his early commission to his uncle, Sir James Melvill, Secretary at the East India House; another uncle, Philip Melvill, was Military Secretary there; and yet another, Sir Peter Melvill, was Government Secretary at Bombay. General Melvill served in the Mutiny, 1857-8 (for which he wears the medal), was Commandant of the 7th Bengal Cavalry 1877-85, and gazetted General on the supernumerary list in 1896. This photograph is from a three-quarter portrait of General Melvill, which is to be hung in the Anglo-American Club. Since the Club's inauguration in the year 1858, this honour has only once previously been bestowed, namely, in the case of Lord Elibank, who, as Honorary Secretary, and subsequently as Chairman, did good service to the Club.



GENERAL MELVILL ENTERED THE
ARMY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Photo by Raupp, Dresden.

The serious accident which recently happened to Hardy, the so-called "American Blondin," at the Alexandra Palace, through the breakage of the supports placed to sustain the safety-net, reminds me that the original Blondin once accounted to me for the absence of all nervousness on his part by stating that he invariably gave his own personal attention to the safe adjustment of his rope and its staying guys, and would never trust that duty to another. Apropos of Blondin, I note the death last week of Mr. Archibald Nagle, the well-known bill-poster and "sandwich-man" provider, who was also a director of the Alhambra Palace Company. Mr. Nagle was the first man whom Blondin carried on his back while crossing the transept of the Crystal Palace on his rope. Having been, as a youth, in the Royal Navy, and frequently mastheaded, Mr. Nagle had no apprehension of experiencing dizziness.

For a cheap history of the Thames from London Bridge to its mouth, let me commend Mr. Austin Brereton's Guide-book of the New Palace Steamers. Within a very few pages Mr. Brereton has crowded a number of facts, and proves a lively cicerone. Mr. Brereton is turning historian, for he has just produced the story of the Strand Theatre in pamphlet form.



MISS HAWKES, THE PAINTER OF
INDIAN NABOBs.

Photo by Bourne and Shepherd, Simla.

Miss Hawkes has just returned from a very successful portrait-painting visit to India. In 1897 she painted a capital portrait of the Maharani of Gondal, who was present with the other Princes and Princesses as her Majesty's guests at the Jubilee. The portrait so pleased his Highness the Thakore Sahib of Gondal that he invited Miss Hawkes to go out to India to paint the portrait of himself that was to hang in Jubilee Hall, Rajkot Kathiawar. So much were Miss Hawkes' pictures admired that her stay was lengthened to over a year; and she was not idle, as she painted no less than eight portraits for their Highnesses of Gondal, Bhaunagar, Baroda, Palatana, and Junadagh. Other native chiefs wish to be painted by her, and she is invited to go again to India. During her stay she was treated with the greatest kindness, and is full of the hospitality she received while staying with the Princes, who, she tells me, speak English excellently. She must indeed have had a most enjoyable time and seen India at its best.

It is the custom when a ship leaves a foreign station for England, after having served a commission abroad, for the crew to muster on deck and in the rigging and interchange three cheers with the other men-of-war in harbour as she steams past them with paying-off pennant flying. H.M.S. *Narcissus* received orders at Manila to return home, and left



TWO LITTLE GIRLS WHO WELCOME "JACK TAR" AT HONG-KONG.

that port on March 10 for Hong-Kong. The first ship she passed was the United States flagship *Olympia*, with whom three very hearty cheers were exchanged. Then three other foreign men-of-war—German, French, and Japanese. Next to these were two American transports, and, finally, H.M.S. *Powerful*, with all of whom the ceremony was repeated, so that by the time the *Narcissus* was fairly on her course all throats on board were pretty hoarse. A similar practice was followed on sailing from Hong-Kong on April 1. Children are nearly always welcome on board a man-of-war, and the pictures of the little girls and the ponies show you two maids "as well known at Hong-Kong" (says my correspondent) "and as popular as your paper."

No less than forty lieutenants, besides many officers of other ranks, have asked to be appointed to the *Crescent*, the cruiser in which Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford will shortly hoist his flag, at Portsmouth, as Commander-in-Chief of the North America and West Indies Station. The explanation is that Sir Frederick Bedford is one of the most popular flag-officers of the Navy. As Vice-Admiral Fisher, whom he is going to relieve, is taking his splendid flagship, the battleship *Renown*, to the Mediterranean with him, Sir Frederick Bedford has had to choose a new ship, and so he is taking the cruiser *Crescent*, sister-ship to the *St. George*, his flagship when he commanded the Cape of Good Hope Squadron.

This year's Naval Manœuvres will not be imposing, though they may prove exciting by accident. The present intention of the Admiralty is to specially commission only a few ships—a dozen battleships and cruisers and some smaller craft. Judging by official communications which have been made to the officials at the naval ports, the authorities intend to utilise the ships which are already in commission. The modesty of the plans for the Manœuvres will be regretted, for last year, owing to the coal-strike, they were abandoned, and, consequently, it is two years since the Fleet was put to the test of mimic warfare. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that it is therefore less efficient than it was two years ago. As a matter of fact, all the warships in commission are remarkably efficient, thanks to the splendid professional abilities of



THEY TRAIN THEIR HORSES.

the Admirals and Captains, and the intelligent encouragement given by the Admiralty. This year's Manœuvres will be exciting, because there is reason to believe that all the available torpedo-boat destroyers will be utilised to further test their defensive capabilities. In view of the attention which the French authorities are devoting to submarine-boats,

it is of the highest importance that we should know how far torpedo-boat destroyers are able to deal with them and with the large number of torpedo-boats which the French have built in recent years.

Probably the marriage of Commander E. F. A. Grant, which has just taken place at Hong-Kong, will rank as one of the most interesting of the year. Commander Grant is Commissioner of Wei-Hai-Wei and Administrator of Liu-kung-tau, and, of course, could not get away to come home to be married, so his bride went out to China to him. This plucky lady was named Miss Louise Geraldine Martyn; her name now is, of course, Grant. The ceremony took place at Hong-Kong, and was attended by a large number of naval officers, including Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Seymour and Rear-Admiral S. C. Holland. Captain A. C. Clarke, of the cruiser *Narcissus*, gave the bride away, and, after the ceremony, all the officers and a party of bluejackets from the battleship *Centurion* lined the path from the church, and the band of the flagship played the "Wedding March." The honeymoon was spent at Macao, and then Commander Grant and his bride went to their home at Wei-Hai-Wei. There are not many brides who would be willing to begin their married life in such an uncivilised place. All this will soon be changed, now that quite a large number of naval and military officers are being appointed to this newest British base.

Were the battleship *Renown* an American or German ship, we should have heard a great deal more of her wonderful voyage from Bermuda, when she brought home Vice-Admiral Sir J. A. Fisher, the British naval representative at the Peace Conference. The *Renown* did the voyage in eight days and four hours, which gives an average speed for the run of over fifteen knots an hour. This was a fine performance, and established a new battleship record, but it does not tell the whole story. Two days after the vessel left Bermuda, the engineering staff became



THE CREW OF THE U.S.A. FLAGSHIP "OLYMPIA" CHEERING THE BRITISH CRUISER "NARCISSUS."

aware that there was something wrong with one of the two propellers, but it was determined not to stop, as the vessel still continued to steam well. It was not until the ship was docked at Devonport that the full extent of the mischief was ascertained. Examination showed that one of the blades of the port propeller, owing apparently to a loosening of the screw bolts, had fallen off, and in falling had fouled the other two blades, smashing one off completely, and fracturing the other, so that the ship had to make the passage home with one propeller only—and yet she maintained the speed of over fifteen knots. In a few weeks' time the *Renown* will again have two efficient propellers, and, after the Peace Conference, will be ready to take the Admiral out to the Mediterranean Squadron, which he will command for the next three years.

War has seemed so imminent in Europe several times lately that it is interesting to remark which countries exist the longest without supplies from abroad. Russia and Austria are the only two Powers whose produce suffices to feed their whole population. France could exist 333 days easily on her supplies, and Germany 311. Italy's home produce would last her 289 days, and Spain's 280. Far behind this comes poor England, who after 187 days would be begging her bread.

The *Highland Light Infantry Chronicle* is a brightly written three-penny quarterly which collectors of Tommy Atkins's journals may like to possess.

The first of the provincial Royal Military Tournaments will be held at Manchester in the beginning of October, some four months after the London Tournament. A hall is to be erected at Hulme Barracks, capable of accommodating ten thousand people, and the Lord Mayor of Manchester is to be the President of the local Committee. A grand pageant, "Shoulder to Shoulder," will be one of the principal items, and in this representatives of the Army and Navy will take part in the costumes of the different periods—"Cadiz, 1596," "Gibraltar, 1704," "Alexandria, 1801," and "El Teb, 1884." The ever-popular "Musical Ride" and a Royal Artillery "Drive" will also be given, and some

eighty bluejackets from the *Excellent* will give a display. Then the non-commissioned officers of the Aldershot Gymnasium will give their attractive performance, and a cavalry regiment detachment and another from the Dépôt at Canterbury will show what "Tommy" can do as a



THE NEW INSTITUTE OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERS.

Photo by Dolas, Oxford Street, W.

horseman. The management will be in the hands of the Islington Executive, and a share of the profits will go to local charities. The Islington Tournament commences on the 25th inst., and closes on June 8.

The poor show made by the Brigade of Guards in Hyde Park continues to agitate military men, and, if some accounts are to be believed, it is only by enlisting men under height and "frauds" who have joined half-a-dozen times previously that the strength of the Household Brigade is kept up to even its present standard. However, after seeing our Guards described as appearing like "a brigade of inferior battalions of the Line," it is distinctly comforting to learn of the condition of a real Line battalion, the 2nd Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Of course, the genuine "Inniskillings" are the 27th Foot, and the 2nd Battalion is the old 108th Madras Infantry, formed from "John Company's" soldiers in the early 'sixties. One reads that the 2nd Inniskillings marched into Meean Meer recently over a thousand strong, and with an average height of nearly 5 ft. 8 in., only eleven sick being left at Peshawur. Just before leaving the latter station, the "Inniskillings" (who are recruited exclusively in the North of Ireland) sent some eight hundred men to the Attock Manœuvres, and, after fifteen days' arduous work in the hills under service conditions, the eight hundred returned to barracks intact, not one man having been admitted to hospital.

The separation of the Royal Artillery into mounted and dismounted corps has been advocated by most of the progressive officers of the "Gunnery," and it will soon be an accomplished fact. There is one bad feature of the change, namely, the breaking up of the splendid Royal Artillery Band, the only band in the British service which can compare in strength with such Continental bodies of musicians as that of the Republican Guard of France. When first formed, in 1762, it consisted of but eight men, but by 1856 it numbered eighty-nine performers, and now has some hundred men on its roll. Those who have listened to the music of the string-band of the "Gunnery" under Cavaliere Zaverl on Sundays at the Albert Hall or in the old Exhibition days will be devoutly sorry should the band be broken up, while the people of Dover and other places who anticipate having a Royal Artillery Band of their own will rejoice. However, with a strength of between thirty and forty thousand, it is hard to understand why the Artillery should not have at least three bands of eighty or so performers, since the Government allowance is some twenty-one musicians to each battalion of the Guards and Line, and these—in the case of the Line—are nearly doubled by the officers' contributions. Perhaps, after all, we may have three or four splendid Artillery Bands instead of only one.

The biggest dry-dock in the world—the Canada Graving-Dock, at Liverpool—received its baptism when the White Star liner, the *Cevic*, entered it the other day. The dock is 925 ft. long and 94 ft. broad, so that it easily accommodated the *Cevic*, which is 500 ft. long and 60 ft. broad. The dock holds 3,226,648 cubic feet of water, which can be

emptied out by centrifugal pumps at the rate of 1000 tons per minute. The next biggest dock is the Prince of Wales's, at Southampton, which is only 750 ft. long.

The new home of the Institute of Civil Engineers was opened yesterday. It is a very handsome building, at the western end of Great George Street, overlooking St. James's Park, and stands on the site of one of the houses which gossip assigned as the home of the original of "Diana of the Crossways." Curiously enough, the Institute's old premises, No. 25, Great George Street, were connected with letters, for Byron's body lay there in state for two days, when the house was inhabited by Sir Edmund Knatchbull. Marryat was born in the same street.

Great preparations are being made for the Volunteer Review in Hyde Park, although we are weeks ahead of the show. Having once been a Volunteer myself—as a gallant gunner I have even slept under canvas on a wind-swept moor with the salt waves lashing in the distance—I take the greatest interest in the Citizen Soldier. I am astonished that the theatre-managers don't make more of him. Instead of the eternal song on Tommy Atkins, I would humbly suggest to Mr. George Edwardes that he might introduce a Volunteer ditty in some of his musical comedies. Something like this—

I can't aspire to shout
A patriotic lay
With all the Laureate's shout
And leaded-type display;
And yet I'll cheer the Volunteer,
Sir Uniform-and-Mufti—
The Citizen who, now and then,
Appears in tunic stuff, eh?
In scarlet tunic clad,
In spats and kilt and hose,
He'll join the Awkward Squad,
And learn to turn his toes.
A clerk, perhaps; yet pipe-clayed straps
Impart a martial bearing.
He's meant to write, yet he could fight
With all a soldier's daring.
No matter what's his trade;
A broker, banker, "comp.,"
Are comrades on parade
Beneath their scarlet pomp.
They shoot as sure as any Boer,
Or veterans old and grisly;
They love to drill and growl (yet grill)
In autumn down at Bisley.
When Princes ride in state
To open hall or dock,
Your City man sedate
Abandons "tile" and frock.
In tunic neat he lines the street,
Or fires a welcome volley,
And on parade he's strangely staid,
Although his nature's jolly.
His health to-day I drink
With honours three times three
(Although but printer's ink
Is all that's given to me).
He'll save our shores with rifled bores
(Our fathers fought with halbert),
He'll march with pride or prance and ride
Before Field-Marshal Albert.



WHITE STAR LINER "CEVIC" ENTERING THE CANADA GRAVING-DOCK, LIVERPOOL.



MISS IDA YEOLAND AS VICTOIRE DUPLAY IN "ROBESPIERRE," AT THE LYCEUM.

She is one of the three daughters of old Duplay, the carpenter in whose house Robespierre lodged. In this quiet family circle "the Incorruptible" is a charming old gentleman, beloved by the Duplay girls, who sing his sentimental ballads to the accompaniment of the tinkling spinet. This photograph is by Lallie Garet-Charles.

A POPULAR PAINTER AS A RACONTEUR.*

In a little American book, called, I think, "People I have Smiled With," I came upon, years ago, a happy pair of puns credited to Mr. Storey and his American friend, Mr. Everett. In proposing the stranger's health at a public dinner, Mr. Storey said, "Here's to learning; when Everett (ever it) comes it rises." Whereupon Everett started up to make the exception—"But never above one storey." This story, to continue in the infectious punning vein, naturally prepared me for the bright and airy structure the popular A.R.A. has run lightly up in "Sketches from Memory," though, as the anecdote is not recorded in the reminiscences, it is possibly as *ben trovato* as that which has been attributed for half a century unquestioningly to Sydney Smith—

A tale [writes Mr. Storey], invented by some ingenious wag, had got about that Landseer had asked Sydney Smith to sit to him for his portrait, and the latter had replied, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" A day or two afterwards, Landseer was riding in Regent's Park, when he met Sydney Smith, who was taking the air in an open carriage; so they stopped to say "How d'ye do?" "Have you heard our little joke?" said Smith. "I have," said Landseer. "I think it very good," said Smith. "Shall we acknowledge it?"

It is odd how stories, like ton-tines, become the property of the latest survivor. Here, for example, is a story vouched for by the artist's landlord (for years the confidential servant of General Hastings), which appeared long ago in a biography of the famous actress, Harriet Mellon, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans. Lord S., who invariably dressed shabbily and walked with his hands behind him, the palms being held upwards, had a half-sovereign thrust shamefacedly into one of these inviting palms by a young middy, who mistook this millionaire nobleman for a broken-down gentleman. His lordship repaid the intended charity not only by a £100 note, but by his friendship and his patronage, which procured the midddy rapid promotion in the Navy. The very same story, *mutatis mutandis*, is told of the millionaire Sir Francis Burdett in Harriet Mellon's biography. As the following delightful story does not appear in Mrs. Gamp's reminiscences, it must refer to Betsy Prig. Landseer's laundress asked to see "Night" and "Morning" before their being sent in to the Royal Academy, and, after looking a decent time at the masterpieces, she said, "I hope, sir, you ain't going to ask me to take anything; but, if you should, let it be the least drop of brandy-and-water, if you please, sir." Possibly it was Mrs. Harris who made the modest suggestion, since Sir Edwin was given to telling good stories which the witty young ladies that heard them remarked "were as well composed as his paintings." The wittiest of these young ladies was undoubtedly Miss Harriet Leslie, the painter's daughter, who said of Jones, the military R.A., in reference to his astonishing likeness to the Duke of Wellington, "You know he was afraid to go out on the day of the Duke's funeral, for fear they should bury him." The advice she gave to the shy young man who was writing a poem and growing a moustache simultaneously, and who was meditating the sacrifice of the latter, "If I were you, I should cut off my poem and leave my moustache," might with advantage be taken to heart by Mr. Storey himself, who, to say the ungracious truth, can neither write nor even quote poetry rhythmically. He omits, for example, a whole line from Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" without any consciousness of the loss at once of sense and of melody. If, however, Miss Harriet Leslie might have read our author a lesson of this kind, he might read her a lesson in kindness of speech, since all his smart things are, without exception, genial. He has, in fact, given guinea portraits of all his friends—according to the tariff by which he charged his sitters at the Manchester Bazaar in aid of a Children's Hospital—

The part I took in the business was to go about among the crowd offering to take anyone's portrait for half-a-crown, likeness not guaranteed. I had a sketch-book and a note-book, the latter rather small, in which I made a pencil

outline in a few minutes, then tore out the leaf, and received two-and-sixpence. I did a very good trade, and in the two days that I worked at it I sketched forty portraits; some of them were more elaborate, and I received five shillings, ten shillings, and even one pound for a few. One lady of a certain age was not at all satisfied with the half-crown representation of herself, and she complained that I had made her look too old. So I said I could not make her any younger for half-a-crown, but that, if she would go in for a ten-and-sixpenny one, I could make her any age she liked—nineteen or twenty, for instance, so she did go in for a ten-and-sixpenny one. And another curious thing about this experiment was that at least ten other ladies had ten-and-sixpenny portraits, and two went as far as a guinea.

Another lady objected to being painted as old as she was or looked, on the high philosophic ground: "You don't want to stereotype the age, but the individuality," as though individuality was most deeply printed in "the virgin page" of youth. None, however, of his sitters for his pen-portraits can find fault with Mr. Storey's, as either uncharacteristic or unkindly. The world is a glass in which a man sees the reflection of his own face—kindly or unkindly, good- or bad-tempered.

"The selfish man complains most of selfishness in others," says Swift. "just as the fat man in a crowd complains most of the crush to which he contributes most"; and conversely, as Mr. Storey found, kindness meets kindness and helpfulness help at every turn. He has a gracious and a grateful word to say of all the brother artists, and even of all the dealers, with whom he had to do, while Pope himself was not more tenderly and touchingly devoted to his mother. By the irony of fate, she died on the very eve of his election as A.R.A., and "the one crowning news which I had longed to tell her came when she had ceased to care for it. Her prayer had been answered, but did she know of it?"

Indeed, it is to his mother that we owe these delightful reminiscences, which were begun to please her and which close with her life. "Since this book is written in a great measure to my mother, it is well that it should end when she can no longer be interested in it"; but the pleasure it has given others will probably induce Mr. Storey to bring his reminiscences, which end with the year 1875, up to date in a supplementary volume. It can hardly contain anything as interesting as his Spanish experiences or as exciting as his French; but it cannot fail to have a large number of delightful artistic anecdotes and illustrations.

In the present volume there are nearly a hundred illustrations—"shorthand notes from nature, or careful studies of backgrounds of pictures, portraits, landscapes, figures, &c."—very pretty and piquant; but many of the pen-pictures are more graphic even than

those of the pencil. The most graphic of all is perhaps the following description of what Mr. Storey saw of the Revolution of 1848 in Paris—

The sight that presented itself was the strangest I have ever seen, and has remained in my memory almost as vividly as if it were yesterday—and yet it is fifty years ago. The magnificent apartments of the Palace were soon filled with as strange a set of ruffians as you could meet anywhere; it seemed as if they were all mad or drunk, and yet they were as jolly as sandboys. They seemed positively to revel in destruction, and to yell with delight as they smashed and tore everything to pieces that they came across. There was scarcely a picture that was not cut into ribbons, and ornaments, however costly, were thrown down and broken to atoms. While I was standing in one of the grand apartments, looking on in wonder, a little man with a sword almost as big as himself stood in front of a magnificent mirror that reached from the floor to the ceiling; he surveyed it for a moment, and then, as though he were about to storm a town single-handed, went deliberately up to it, and, with one blow of his great cavalry blade, shattered it to pieces. As they fell at his feet, he put on a grand air, and said "La!"—as if this was one of the greatest deeds he had ever accomplished and the proudest moment of his life. When we came to the bedrooms, we found grimy, black-bearded fellows dressed up in lace caps and ladies' nightgowns. Some were in the beds, screaming and laughing, and, no doubt, making coarse jokes; others, enveloped in counterpanes, paraded the rooms; and others, who had broken into the chapel, had put on the richly embroidered priests' robes, and were dancing the "can-can" in them.

RICHARD ASHIE KING.



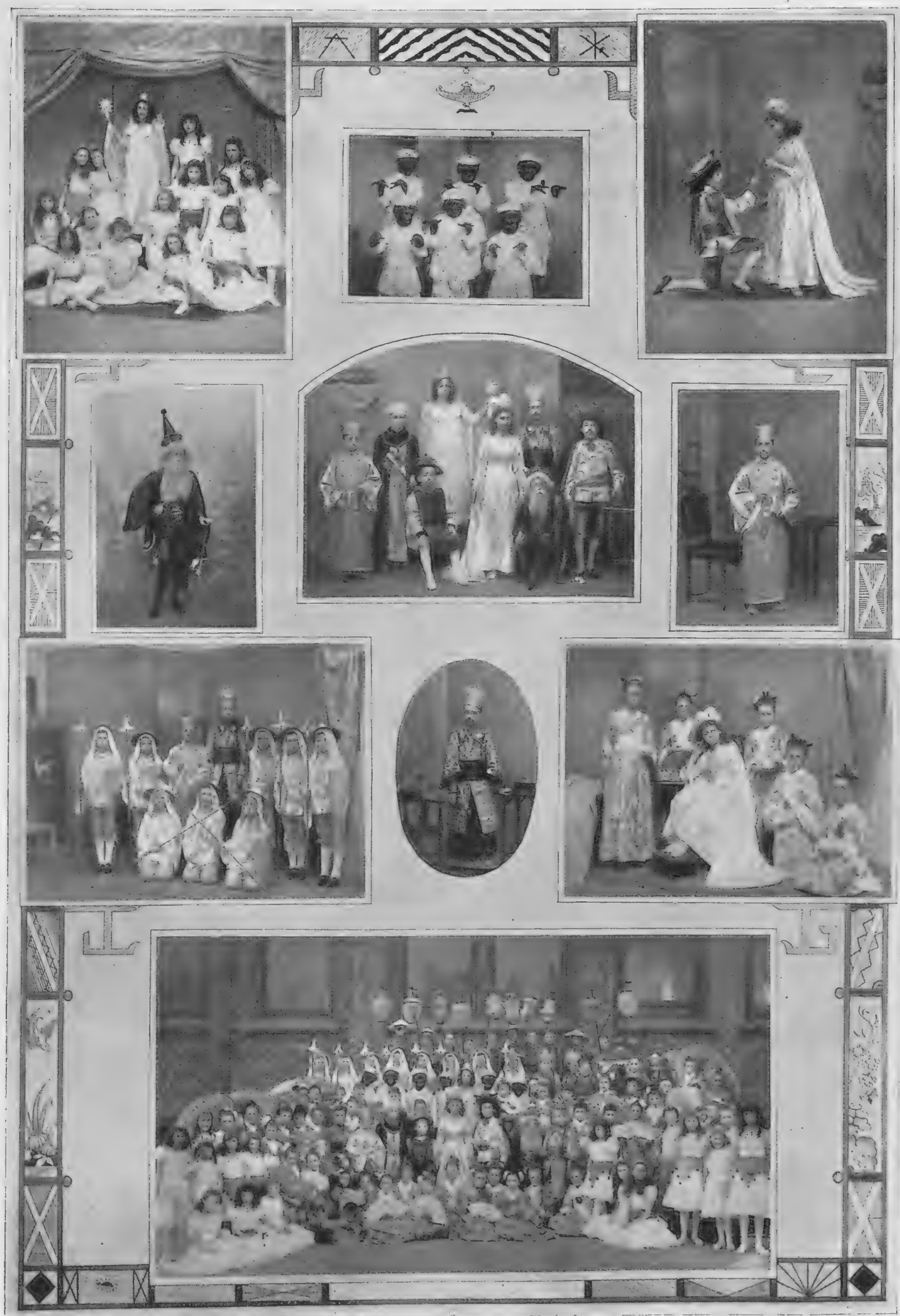
MR. G. A. STOREY.

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

* "Sketches from Memory." By G. A. Storey. London: Chatto and Windus.

CHILDREN PERFORMING "ALADDIN," AT LIVERPOOL.

Photographed by J. W. Watson, Liverpool.



The Operetta was produced by the Children of the Sefton Park School (University Training College Practising School), and these Pictures illustrate the Immortal Story.

HOW I INTERVIEWED A FAMOUS SHEIKH.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

Sheikh Rashid el Arapet was the guest of Mr. C. F. S. Perowne, who had brought two hundred voyageurs all the way to Jaffa (thence to Jerusalem), from Marseilles on board Dr. Lunn's steam-yacht *Argonaut*. I had been invited to meet the handsome old celebrity, and as my gaze dwelt appreciatively upon his dark, cameo-clear features, his eagle-keen eyes, his towering and goodly proportions, it occurred to me that an "interview" with a real live Bedouin Sheikh (the chief Sheikh of many tribes) would be rather a new thing in interviews.

But there is no new thing under the sun—even a Bedouin's sun. When my desire was intimated to its object by our interpreter, he returned, in a manner almost *blasé*, that much had been written about him in the German papers during and since the visit of the Emperor, and that at one time he and his family had been "exploited" in various American journals.

"That was now eight years ago," went on the Sheikh, as translated by Dimitri Petrides. "A wealthy lady of Chicago, with a daughter, was journeying in Palestine. As you know, I am employed by the Turkish Government to protect those who go down to Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea; my life and those of all my tribe are responsible for the safe conduct of such travellers.

"My eldest son acted as escort for the party, and the young American lady fell so deeply in love with him that she told him there was no other man on earth she would marry. She was handsome, and had money; my son was but nineteen, and he was flattered. He was willing to marry the lady, and so it was arranged. They were what you call betrothed, though our own ceremonies are very different, and I would tell you of them if there were time. She and her mother went back to America for a few months, and were to come again; but, meanwhile, my son took for his wife a cousin, a young girl whom he loved and could not bring himself to give up. He would still have carried out his contract with the other. She had offered to turn from her country, and even her religion, for his sake; but she would not share him with another woman, though that was honourable and in accordance with our laws.

"She sent to him from Chicago her photograph with the face destroyed, and also many papers in which the story had been printed. She herself or her mother must have told it, for there was no one else. As for the German papers, what they had to say has been said lately—since the Emperor went away.

"It was I who took him to Jericho, and, after that, he would have me go everywhere with him. On our return, he gave me a sabre of Damascus steel, in a jewelled scabbard, as a present. There was a decoration, too, which he would have pinned upon my breast, but the Empress smiled, telling him it was her part to do that; this the Emperor argued with her, thinking, perhaps, it was not the right thing for so great a lady to do in our country, where the customs for women are not the same as in his. But the Empress had her own way, and it was she who put on this decoration which you see here."

The strong brown hand pushed aside the abaë, or brown-and-white striped cloak of the Bedouins, to display the much-prized jewel, worn with other decorations bestowed by the Prince of Wales, the Emperor of Austria, Dom Pedro, the King of Sweden, and many potentates of many lands.

A scar on the wrist set me thinking, and I asked Sheikh Rashid, through the lips of Dimitri, to tell me its history. Had the wound been given in battle? It had, and there were numberless others, some of which had nearly cost his life.

"Forty years ago, when I was a young man," said the Sheikh, "times were very different from the present. Only the city of Jerusalem was under government; outside the walls, the Sheikhs of our Bedouin tribes fought together, to revenge thefts and even murder. Those were the good days—wild, free days, worth living in, even if life were short.

"I was twenty years old on the day of my first fight, which happened in this wise—since you say that you wish to hear. But, first, I must tell you that my great-grandfather came from the holy city, Mecca, and

was a man of power. Other tribes were jealous of the one which he led; and the jealousy continued down to the day when my father began to escort travellers to Jericho, under the seal of Government. Above all were the tribe of Hazaël angry that we protected those whom otherwise they would have been able to rob at their will; and, as in my youth I was called the 'phares,' or bravest man of my tribe, because I was able to do some things which no other could do, my father sent me to fight the Hazaël, who had threatened and insulted us too long.

"I rode out from our tents at the head of my tribe—that is, all the men who were not too old for such work—to a plain which we had agreed upon with the enemy. There I met the 'phares' of the Hazaël, leaving behind all my own party and his party, and calling aloud upon him to come forth and fight."

As the old man brought up the past, he warmed to his subject; every gesture spoke; the amber prayer-beads hanging from one ringed finger swung through the air like a streak of sunlight; the head, under the snowy head-dress doubly roped with heavy strands of black, rose high.

"We circled round and round each other, on the Arabs that we both loved, eyes piercing eyes, avoiding one another's lances, until at last, having thrown my lance, I came in close enough to use my sword, making the best stroke of my life, and cut off my enemy's arm and shoulder with one blow. He reeled, and fell from his horse, stone-dead. That was the signal for the two tribes to meet, one 'phares' having perished.

"So my men and his fought, until there were but a paltry dozen left of all the Hazaël. For succour, they fled to the tents of another tribe, with which we had no quarrel, leaving their women and girls, their tents, their cattle, to be ours—the spoils of victory.

"I have killed many men in my day, and for that I desire Allah to forgive. Many strange sights on the battlefield have I seen, but the strangest was in my boyhood.

"My father owned a place not far from Jericho, and when I was about fifteen, beginning to think myself a man, Sheikh Nasaëh Benishbar came down from near Jerusalem, stealing many of our camels, which went to Jericho at that time of year for grass. My father was riding with me, and only two of his men, when he found out what had happened, while the enemy numbered seventy. But my father was not of a patient temper, and, with the war-cry of our tribe, he and the two he had with him—I coming close behind—fell upon the seventy, taking them unawares and suddenly.

"Night was falling, and in the confusion they thought we were a band. My father killed the Sheikh and three others, while his men did good work, and I, being only a boy, what I could. So full of fear were the rest that they rode away, leaving

all the camels which they had stolen, and a string of their own. But that was a sight not often seen; three men conquering seventy.

"As I have said, the old days were best for us Bedouins. Life is dull now; one day tells another." The Sheikh Rashid shrugged his shoulders, and meditatively touched his prayer-beads. Perhaps they comforted him for the glories that were past.



A BEDOUIN SHEIKH.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

FROM MELEAGER.

Now, by Pan of Arcady,
Sweet the tune thou playest me
On thy harp, Zenophile;
All too sweet thy warbling wire
Whither shall I fly the alarms
Of the little Loves in arms,
Who beset me with thy charms,
Till for bliss I scarce suspire?
Now thy fond eyes thrill and thrall,
Now thy music's magic fall,
Now thy mould imperial,
Till I kindle in thy fire.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

PLAYERS AT HOME.

From Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



MR. AND MRS. FRED TERRY (MISS JULIA NELSON) AT HOME: 27, ELM PARK GARDENS, S.W.

THE RAILWAYFYING OF THE DARK CONTINENT.

It is the misfortune of the Uganda Railway that it has been made the sport of politicians. Long before a sod was turned, this East African railway nearly led to a Cabinet crisis, and now that a good many sods have been turned, and successfully covered with sleepers and rails, the enemies of the line still continue to prophesy all manner of misfortunes.

popular name of the railway. But there is not, and never has been, any intention of carrying the line round the shores of the lake into Uganda itself. Equally fantastic is the idea that the Victoria-Kilindini line—to give the railway its accurate name—will make an actual junction with the Cape to Cairo line that Mr. Rhodes is so anxious to build.

This latter line, if ever it is made, will pass on the western side of Lake Victoria, so that the whole lake will intervene between the two railways. All the talk, therefore, about break of gauge is the purest moonshine. The gauge of the Victoria-Kilindini line is a metre—a happy selection which has enabled the engineers to use a certain amount of second-hand rolling-stock from India, and thus save a good deal of money and much time. The gauge of the still nebulous Cape to Cairo Railway is 3 ft. 6 in. Even if some succeeding generation with millions to throw away should want to connect these two railways, the difference in gauge will be a matter of trivial importance. In India there are four different gauges, and there, as in all countries where traffic is small and distances are long, the advantages of adapting the gauge to local conditions far outweigh the disadvantages of want of uniformity. The actual cost of transferring goods from one set of trucks to another is a penny a ton, and one ton can be transferred in one minute. Therefore, the ultra-Imperialists—who can be quite as foolish as the

Little Englanders—may rest their tongues and pens on the question of the break of gauge.

The main object of the railway, it was just said, is to connect lake with sea, and thus give easy access to Uganda and other countries bordering the lake. Incidentally, however, the railway opens up to commercialism—the word is more precise than civilisation—an immense area of territory which may prove more valuable than Uganda itself. A great part of the country between Lake Victoria and the coast lies at a very high elevation. The lake itself is nearly four thousand feet above the sea-level, and the route of the railway crosses a ridge another



TRAIN WITH COOLIES AT MILE 207.

So far as they keep to prophecy they are on safe ground. It is when they begin to deal with contemporary facts that they get into difficulties. A few weeks back, for example, a journal that preaches the gospel of Little Englandism asserted that the climate in British East Africa was so terrible that the Indian coolies employed on the line died off like flies, and that, though thousands had left India, none ever returned.

The latter part of the statement is practically true; but, considering that the coolies were indentured for three years, and that the time of the first batch is only just up, it is not surprising that till quite recently none had returned to India except a few invalided home. As to the statement that they die off like flies, the answer is that the average mortality is something less than that of London, and very much less than that of an ordinary Indian city. With equal recklessness, the same journal stated that the expenditure on the railway had already exceeded the whole sum—£3,000,000—voted by Parliament, and that less than half the line was completed. As a matter of fact, the engineers have, up to date, kept well within the original estimate, having completed rather more than half the line for a trifle over half the sum voted for the whole line. There is no reason at present to believe that the total sum of £3,000,000 will be appreciably exceeded.

It is more interesting, however, to discuss the line itself than the inaccuracies of persons who from the outset have been bent on damning it. The main object of this railway, as everybody knows, or ought to know, is to connect the great inland sea known as Lake Victoria with the Indian Ocean. Lake Victoria covers as many square miles as the whole of Scotland, and around its shores are countries of considerable fertility, and many of them thickly populated. The most important of these is Uganda, and hence the



COOLIES AT WORK IN A ROCK CUTTING, MILE 170.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MISS FAY FLUFFY.

four thousand feet higher. These high levels, of course, immensely increase the cost of building the line; but, on the other hand, they reduce the normal temperature to a point at which Europeans can live in comfort. Already English colonies are springing up along the route of the railway, and even an English baby has appeared. A lady who recently traversed the whole route that the railway will follow describes



WAKAMBA WOMEN AT KIBWEZI.

the scenery at the higher and moderate elevations as "thoroughly English." Ferns line the banks of the streams, blackberries grow wild, while in the gardens of the English residents are found "potatoes, cabbages, cauliflowers, parsnips, turnips, and most excellent beetroot." And all this actually on the equator!

The engineering difficulties have been, and still are, most serious. It is not an easy matter to carry a railway up a height of eight thousand feet, or higher than any mountain in the British Isles, crossing first a waterless desert, and then country broken with hills and streams and covered with dense jungle. The top of the ridge is now nearly reached, but difficulties as great remain. Beyond the highest ridge comes what is known as the Great Rift—a gigantic depression running roughly north and south for several hundred miles. The sides of the Rift are too steep to clamber down in the ways usually employed by railway engineers, so it has finally been decided to let the train down by a wire rope fixed to a revolving drum. A similar contrivance will be necessary to get up the other side of the Rift. When that has been done, there is a fairly easy descent to the lake beyond. The site fixed upon for the terminus is Port Florence, in a sheltered inlet named Ugowe Bay. A careful survey of the bay has been made, and an excellent chart prepared. The bay is shallow, but there is an ample depth of water for the lake steamers that will complete the journey to Port Alice, the harbour of Uganda.—HAROLD COX

ACOLONIAL ROMANCE.

In the garden of a house at Riccarton there lies a tombstone, sacred to the memory of Kind Sir, and visible to passengers on the road. It is white, and the lettering is carved into the stone, while among the racing-stables which have sprung up in the neighbourhood within the past few years the resting-place of Kind Sir is a hallowed sanctuary. There is an element of tragedy in the romance which is connected with the spot, but the years have dimmed it, leaving only as the visible external sign this white marble, "Sacred to the memory of Kind Sir." It has been so long there that an inn upon the other side of the Riccarton Road is

designated the Cornerstone, and from an iron bar, swung in the north-west wind, which sweeps the white dust of the road in sheets before it, is suspended a painting of the stone and its inscription.

The story is the story of a man's love for a woman, a dainty Lucy with fair hair and pale-blue eyes, and an even greater love for his horse. It was in the early days, and a settler had given his horse to the woman who had given him her love. The man's affection for the horse is still local history, and the dumb faithfulness of Kind Sir is told with tear-dimmed eyes by the grooms and horsemen who go to gaze upon the stone. There is nothing which touches the heart of a horseman so readily as his horse, and the love of this animal and this man was passionate and human. The man owned a section of land beyond the province, and used to ride to Riccarton to meet his betrothed. He was working to clear the place, preparatory to starting a farm, a small holding upon such as in the early days wedded folks were proud to start. One day the Maoris swept the settlement, and the lover escaped upon Kind Sir to the township. Ruined and homeless, his two possessions were his horse and his love for the woman at Riccarton. Buoyed up by the hope with which a woman's love can inspire a man, he started out again, striking north to the gullies in the mountains in the search for gold, while, as an earnest of his love, he gave his horse, an animal which he loved as largely as he loved the woman, into her keeping. For a time no one saw him; then, in the passage of a year

or two, he came back, having crossed the ranges to the West Coast in the search for gold. What he had found there was ample for his future needs, and his success created the gold rush to the West Coast. What he met with upon his return killed everything. The woman had married, and, the horse proving an encumbrance, Kind Sir was shot. Of the tragedy which followed there are two versions. The one is that the man, finding his horse dead, killed himself; the other, that he murdered the woman and shot himself. Whichever is correct, the stone exists in the garden of the house upon the Riccarton Road. It lies upon a mound, buried amid the silt which the winds have swept from the surface of the road. The township is now a colonial city, but to strangers who visit it the resting-place of Kind Sir is always shown, the connecting link between an old-time tragedy and the present which has no other sign of life. The action of the woman is condemned by those who now tell the story. The horse served her as faithfully as he had served his master, and should have received more gracious treatment. The woman is a shrew in local fame, the horse a saint; and the grim fierceness which the story arouses against her memory has pathos for those who ride and love their horses.



MAKUPA VIADUCT, CONNECTING THE ISLAND OF MOMBASA WITH THE MAINLAND.

DAINTY DAMSELS AS DANCERS.

From Photographs by Pendry, Nottingham.



MISS BLOSSIE HARPER.



MISS CONNIE COLE.



MISS FLORENCE COLE.



MISS VIVIEN BOWLES.

These maidens, the pupils of Mr. Theodore Gilmer, showed how they could hop it at the Steinway Hall on Friday.

LIBRARIES IN CHAINS

There are bookmen with such a passionate sense of the common property in literature that they cannot keep their hands from picking and stealing, even in a friend's library. Their logic is bad, for it is only substituting one vested interest for another. A man may, by common consent, be a good son, a tender husband, a kind father, a worthy citizen, and a confirmed book-thief. The collector who is wealthy can write off a sum to make good his losses, or he can go in for reprisals. When he is tolerably certain of his man, the latter is probably the more effective.

The old chained libraries must have been due to the conviction that the Eighth Commandment should be buttressed up in some way or other. In the sixteenth century they were quite common, and continued so till the end of the eighteenth. Some of them survive at the present time.

Hereford Diocese has a library in chains of two thousand volumes, chiefly theological. The collection at Wimborne Minster is two hundred and fifty strong; Hereford All Saints has nearly three hundred volumes, and Grantham parish almost as many. There are smaller collections elsewhere. Once, perhaps, these were equally extensive, but there are bibliophiles who laugh at locksmiths. Eternal vigilance is the price of libraries.

The Bodleian at Oxford was once in chains. Master Thomas Bodley's reputation among his bookish friends was much blown upon.

Chaining books was common then all over Europe. For each volume that came to a library by purchase or by gift a chain was bought. A smith was deputed to fix it, and a painter to write the name and press-mark upon the fore edge.

The Laurentian, at Florence, is probably the largest chained library in the world. It is otherwise famous, for the building was designed by Michael Angelo.

There is a story about the collection at the Church of St. Wallberg, at Zutphen, in Holland. Formerly the books wore no chains, but the Devil was so annoyed with the contents of some of them—it was a theological library—that he broke in and stole several. The print of his cloven hoof on the pavement may be seen by the visitor who doubts. Chains were bought, sprinkled with holy water, and attached.

The collection in Hereford Cathedral is a genuine example of an ancient monastic library. Of the two thousand volumes, about fifteen hundred have the chains complete. They fill five old oaken bookcases, and there are two others fast turning to touch-wood. The library was formerly in the Lady Chapel, but is now in the Archives Chamber.

The chained library at Hereford All Saints takes up two sides of the vestry, two hundred and eight volumes in all. A few years ago it narrowly missed transportation to America. In fact, a well-known London bookseller bought and paid for it, and had sold it again, when



THE CHAINED LIBRARY AT WIMBORNE, DORSET.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRITH, REIGATE.

Who knew so well how to provide against pilfering? There is now not a single chained book at the Universities. Though chained libraries are few and far between, single books in churches are not uncommon. The chained Bible in Cumnor Church is a notable one, hard by Cumnor Place; where those melodramatic ruffians, Varney and Anthony Foster, murdered fair Amy Robsart, according to Sir Walter, though not according to history. The disappearance of these agreeable stories of ancient bloodshed is a serious matter. Even Judge Jeffreys, it appears, was a very tolerable person. The school-books grow duller every day; a little more, it will grow past bearing, and the scholars will rise in revolt.

Though the college libraries have had their chains struck off, there is plenty of evidence of their having existed. As—

Item, for 27 chaynes for the newe bookes in the libraye, vijs vjd: to John Sheres, setting on 72 chaynes ijs: to Hillarye, helping hym viijd.

Thus, an extract from the Cambridge University Accounts.

The late Mr. William Blades, the great Caxtonian, suggests that they were intended to keep the books for general use, rather than to prevent theft. It was customary to lend out the books for a year. Many were not returned. But what was that but annexation in a more subtle form?

The drawbacks of the chains, however, were soon seen. The students at Oxford complained that the readers were forced to be continually jostling one another. They petitioned the great bibliophile, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, for more accommodation.

the Dean of Windsor, the paramount authority, interposed and declined to give his sanction. So the books went back to their ancient home, and the bookseller came to his £100 again. He was on the point of shipping them when the bargain was declared off.

In the schoolroom of Chirbury Parish, in Shropshire, there is a chained collection of two hundred and seven volumes. The chains remain upon one hundred and ten of them. The Grantham library consists chiefly of divines of the seventeenth century.

In the parish of Gorton, now part of suburban Manchester, there is the residue of a library in chains, forty-eight books. The good Humphrey Chetham, founder of Chetham College, was the donor of it and similar collections at Bolton and Turton.

The Wimborne Minster Library almost excels, in point of interest, that of Hereford Cathedral. Side by side in the church lie the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the parents of Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII.; for more enduring fame, patroness of Caxton. Above the church is the sacristy, and above that the library. You reach it by a spiral stone staircase, worn hollow by the feet of monkish students. Here the sacred relics were kept—two pieces of the true cross, some hairs from the head of the Saviour, a part of his crib, a fragment of the alabaster box, a bone of Melchisedech, and a thorn from the Crown of Thorns. The library is on shelves round the walls; almost all the books are chained. They were so done in the year 1686—a breadth of time to cross!

L. W. L.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. Whistler is delightful. We all know his "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," which Mr. Heinemann published some years ago. And now he has dealt with the Eden case in a similar way, the publisher being M. Louis-Henry May, 11, Rue St.-Benoit, Paris. The book is the



A BREEZY MORN.—BY W. H. COBELY.

Engraved by George McCulloch. Published by Messrs. Martin, Hood, and Larkin, Trafalgar House, Great Newport Street.

same quarto shape as "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," and is embellished in the same way. The title-page alone is a curiosity. Here it is—

EDEN VERSUS WHISTLER.

THE BARONET AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A VALENTINE WITH A VERDICT.

Being a most rare and fascinating history from the Palace of the Courts, wherein is shown, with much wit and circumstance, how the gentle master, unsuspecting, was sighted, tracked, waylaid, circumvented, and run to earth by commercial knight of untiring industry!

Together with the amusing introduction of the hind, henchman, expert, and go-between.

And, further on, setting forth the methods, devices, cajoleries employed for the ensnaring, entrapping, bewildering, and final confusion of the all-confiding sweet and simple painter, culminating in the abrupt, ingenious, and stupendous invention of the "Valentine," together with its application and manner of use.

And, in the recounting of such excellent matter, is again curiously brought to light the continued fallacy, danger, immodesty, immorality, and monstrous inconvenience of shameless friendship!

I shall not spoil the reader's pleasure of perusing Mr. Whistler's statement of the case. Let me, however, quote his colophon, as follows—

RÉSUMÉ.

PRESTIGE OF THE WORK OF ART AND PRIVILEGE OF THE ARTIST.

Established: The ABSOLUTE RIGHT of the Artist to control the destiny of his handiwork—and, at all times, and in all circumstances, to refuse its delivery into unseemly and ridiculous keeping—

The DIVINE RIGHT of the Artist to pay damages, and so rid himself cleanly of the carelessly incurred, and pertinaciously unbecoming company of this heretofore completely discovered, penetrating—persevering—planning—devising—Valentine designing—pestilential, and entirely matagrabolising personage!—

Who forthwith empouches the gainings—unthinkingly, unblushingly, inevitably!—and once more unwittingly and prodigiously justifies the judgment!—

"Disappointment" is the title of a very clever picture by M. A. Bellerroche, which is being exhibited at the Dudley Gallery. It shows a woman seated before a pack of cards. It would be difficult without confessing to weaknesses which should by this time have been mastered to convey an idea of its charm, so what the artist has done shall be allowed to speak for itself. The mute, mock-miserable look has been conjured up by the cards, to be dispelled by a luckier

deal; but there for the moment it is, and, that fleeting moment arrested, one may dwell on her face for an hour. M. Bellerroche's career extends no further backwards than unto the year 1890, when he won fame with a picture exhibited in the Salon des Champs Elysées.

Mr. Gawthorp, the well-known art metal-worker of Long Acre, has just issued through Mr. Batsford a second edition of his "Manual of Practical Instruction in the Art of Brass Repoussé," for the use of amateurs. The pamphlet, which costs only a shilling, is capitally illustrated.

Mr. Caton Woodville has just completed yet another military picture. It represents the bivouacs of the British and Egyptian troops after the work of retribution for the murder of General Gordon had been accomplished by the capture of Omdurman and the destruction of the Khalifa's army. The picture is on view at Messrs. Dickens and Foster's, in Bond Street.

In view of the discussions on the decoration of St. Paul's, and the vast sum which has been and will be spent upon it, it is not uninteresting to recall the economical attitude assumed by the authorities in the eighteenth century, when ecclesiastical enterprise was at a low ebb. In those days, Sir James Thornhill, the father-in-law of Hogarth, was the decorative artist, and his services were employed in many public buildings and private mansions. Hampton Court, Kensington Palace, Greenwich Hospital, Blenheim, and Moor Park were among the number of historic buildings decorated by the more or less artistic brush of the then famous painter. His work, however, did not command large prices, and in many instances, like that of the plasterer or bricklayer, it was estimated, not according to the genius it contained, but by the number of square yards it covered. For the eight pictures illustrating the life of St. Paul, which Sir James, with infinite labour and discomfort, painted in chiaroscuro on the interior of the cupola of the Metropolitan cathedral, Sir James could obtain but forty shillings a square yard! Possibly the paintings had little real



MISS NANCY AGAR.—BY ROSE D. BONNOR.

Exhibited in the Royal Academy.

merit, but the reputation of the artist was high, the labour great (he is said to have injured his back while painting St. Paul's or Greenwich, I forget which), and the authorities can hardly be considered as generous patrons of art. Sir James's pictures were, I believe, re-painted in 1853, when what little interest they may have had was, of course, lost.

"L'AMOUR MOUILLÉ" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



MISS JESSIE HUDDLESTON AS LAURETTA, THE PRINCESS OF TARANTO.

The Princess was about to be betrothed to a foolish boy, Ascanio; but one day Carlo, the Prince of Syracuse, shipwrecked at Taranto, turns up, and he and the Princess fall in love with one another. She is represented here in the First Act as one of the fisher-maids of Taranto, and has been pictured by Messrs Ellis and Walery, of Baker Street, W.

"L'AMOUR MOUILLÉ," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



MISS KATE CUTLER AS CATARINA, THE EX-ORANGE-GIRL.

Once an orange-girl, Catarina is affianced to Pampinelli, the Governor of Taranto. But her old lover, Cascarino, turns up as valet to the shipwrecked Prince of Syracuse, and Catarina becomes Mrs. Cascarino. She has been photographed by Messrs. Ellis and Walery, of Baker Street, W.

HOW CHARLES KEAN PLAYED RICHARD THE SECOND.

[There seems to be little chance now of the production of "Richard II." at the Lyceum; but Mr. F. R. Benson has made the provincial audience familiar with the play, which was one of the features of the Festival at Stratford-on-Avon this year, as described in these pages last week. In view of this, Mr. Clement Scott's reminiscences of Kean's production of "Richard II." are of unusual interest.—Editor.]

It was in the Christmas holidays of 1857 that I, a lad of sixteen years of age, home from Marlborough, saw the then celebrated Richard the Second of Charles Kean, and, before I got back to school again, had struggled to the Princess's pit to see the same actor as Hamlet and in "The Corsican Brothers."

I remember those holidays perfectly well, as distinctly as if they only happened yesterday, because this was the first occasion when, so to speak, I was a playgoer on my own account and master of the situation. Kind curates, enthusiastic tutors, and appreciative servants had hitherto guided my steps to the playhouse door. With them I had seen Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews at the Lyceum; James Anderson and Miss Vandenhoff, in "The Lady of Lyons," at Drury Lane, and many a Shaksperian revival at old Sadler's Wells. But now I was sixteen years of age, and could be trusted alone to find my way from the New North Road, Hoxton, where I was born, to the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street; and, what is more, to find my way home again when the play was over and the 'buses had stopped, all that dreadful journey on foot by Pentonville, Clerkenwell, Exmouth Street—it never seemed to end at midnight—Wharf Road, City Road, to the parsonage behind the plane-trees. But what did an ardent playgoer care for that? I started off with delight, early in the afternoon, with a few shillings in my pocket, provided by the most affectionate of mothers, who had instructed me to get a good meat-tea at 'Tupp's, a confectioner in Oxford Street, and to walk home as fast as possible, so as not to catch cold. We were ardent Shaksperian enthusiasts in those days at Marlborough. We had regular Shaksperian readings every week in one study or another, each boy in the society choosing a part or parts, and were accustomed in our sixth-form debating society to carry on heated arguments as to the relative merits of Phelps and Charles Kean as Hamlet or Macbeth. A London boy,

with all the theatres at his command, was, of course, specially envied, and I expect, when I returned to school again in February 1858, I plumed out my theatrical feathers having spent all my pocket-money in the Princess's pit and attended several of the Festival performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, in honour of the marriage of the Princess Royal of England with Prince Frederick of Germany. Before seeing the Kean revival of the Second Richard, I had dived into my

father's library and discovered that some of the greatest actors had passed it by. Betterton and Booth, Quin, Garrick, and John Kemble would have none of it. Edmund Kean, the genius who was called a "bombastic actor," and not to be compared to Forbes-Robertson, by one of the younger critics the other day, got a flash or so out of it, but as Richard the Second Macready failed dismally.

It was Charles Kean who, by means of superb illustration, costume most accurate and gorgeous for those days, reproductions of old pictures, and the processional panoply of Bolingbroke's reception in London amidst cheers, with the crestfallen Richard behind him cursed with hisses, made this neglected tragedy a play most worthy of revival. Originally produced in March 1857, it ran for eighty-seven nights—a great run in those days—and was revived again in the winter, when I saw it, and the tragedy was played in advance of a pantomime called "Harlequin and the White Cat; or, The Princess Blanche-Flower and her Three Godmothers," which included in the harlequinade Caroline Adams (Columbine), Cormack (Harlequin), Paulo (Pantaloon), and Huline, the best clown I ever saw after Flexmore.

I remember John Ryder on his steed as Bolingbroke, that horse that he mounted, cursing, behind the scenes every night, fearing to be flung into the orchestra on the head of little Hatton, the conductor. I remember the crowds in the streets, the cheering from the balconies, the joy-bells, the flowers, the splendid animation of the scene. I remember the episode of the little boy in the crowd, played by Kate Terry (now Mrs. Arthur Lewis), who came forward, and, pointing with her finger to the despondent King, said, amid the murmurs of the crowd, "Behold King Richard, who has done so much good to the Kingdom of England!" But



IS THIS ONE OF THE TERRYs?



WALTER LACY AS JOHN OF GAUNT, AT THE PRINCESS'S (1857).



CHARLES KEAN AS RICHARD THE SECOND.



JOHN COOPER AS THE DUKE OF YORK, AT THE PRINCESS'S (1857).

I did not know that in that very crowd were two boy actors that I was destined to know very well in later life, my old friend David James, now dead, and Edward Righton, gone to his rest also.

The scene has been well described by Charles Kean's sycophantic biographer, John William Cole—

If a citizen of London at 1399 could have been actually revived, and seated within the stalls of the theatre without passing through the changed external



WALTER LACY AS JOHN OF GAUNT (1857).

world, he would have fancied that he saw a living repetition of what he once had taken a part in. There could not have been less than from five to six hundred persons on those contracted boards, all moving in trained regularity or organised disorder, according to the varying incidents. The music, the joy-bells, the dances, the crowded balconies and windows, the throngs in the streets, the civic processions, the mailed warriors, the haughty Bolingbroke, the heart-broken Richard, the maddening shouts of gratulation which attend the one, while the other is received with silence, gradually deepening into murmurs, groans, and insults, the scrupulous accuracy with which every dress and movement is portrayed—all this completed a picture which brought back the past to the eyes of the present, and bewildered the spectators with a

mingled sensation of astonishment and admiration. The scene altogether surpassed the glories of Wolsey's banquet and ball in "Henry the Eighth," or the maddening reality of the Dionysian pastime in the "Winter's Tale." The spell was rendered still more potent by the knowledge that we saw passing before us the resuscitation of a memorable passage from our own domestic chronicles.

On the subject of this historic pageant, I received before his death some very interesting notes from Edward Righton, which may well find a place here—

It is to be hoped that Sir Henry Irving will include the episode (introduced by the late Charles Kean), the entry of Bolingbroke, in his revival of "Richard the Second." It formed a most welcome relief to the tragedy, and included one of the most remarkable crowds ever seen on the English stage. One of the most remarkable, for in my time I can remember three, each of them extraordinary in their way. In "Coriolanus," at Sadler's Wells Theatre, the supers, instructed by Phelps, were little short of actors, and, in the scene where the mob banishes the proud General, acted with such intensity that, on the fall of the act-drop, after the usual compliment had been paid to the great actor, a cry went up from the audience which at first nobody could understand, but which soon resolved itself into "Supers." "By Gad!" said Phelps, "they are calling for the supers; and damme! they deserve it—I never saw better acting in my life!" The act-drop was then raised, disclosing the unusual spectacle of the supers "taking a call," loudly cheered by the spectators.

Another admirable crowd was that in Beerbohm Tree's "Julius Caesar," which was certainly a great improvement on that of the German company that visited Drury Lane a few years since and which we were then told was perfection. I always venture to disagree with this unrestricted praise, and now think it can fairly be bestowed on Mr. Tree's production, the difference between the German and English method of stage-management being that, in the case of the Germans, the great speech of Marc Antony was almost entirely lost in the noise and bustle of the mob, whereas, at Her Majesty's, without the action seeming to stop for a moment, every sentence was heard, especially that in which the cunning Antony stirs up the citizens by telling them that Julius Caesar has left them so much money each, which I venture to think is the point of the scene, since it incites the people to the rebellion that Antony strives to bring about.

Charles Kean's crowd in "Richard the Second" was unique, both in the rehearsal and performance. I remember thinking my fortune made when one night, after playing a small part, in which I had to be kicked about the stage, I was sent for by Ellis, our stage-manager, who handed me a "part" in the new piece, saying that that was my reward for acting the "kicke" so naturally as to actually make Charles Kean smile. What did I care that those kicks made me almost cry with pain—I was on the high-road to fame, for was I not chosen above all the other young ones for a part in the new piece, and was not my name in the bill?

I was called to rehearsal next day; and proud I was, the hero of a capital comedy-scene, in which I was assisted by three other young artists as ambitious as myself. We were all made to promise secrecy as to the issue of our characters, and I could not but pity my dressing-room mates at being left so far behind me. One day there was a general rehearsal, to which everybody was called. "Begin!" shouted Ellis. Clang! clang! clang! chimed a peal of huge bells. Tootle! tootle! tootle! struck up the orchestra. "Hooray! yah!" yelled the crowd. "Why don't you go on?" bawled Ellis. "They won't hear me," I ventured to expostulate. "What the devil is that to you, sir?" demanded Ellis. "Go on! and"—to others—"you too, sir! and you!" "What, all at once?" I said. "Yes, and speak up; and move about as you have been taught!" Then I realised that all my mates whom I had lorded it over had been secretly rehearsing just as I had, and that my scene for which I had often so eagerly searched my Shakspeare was but part of the noise and confusion of a mob.

But what a mob!—made up of historic characters and all sorts and conditions of people who contributed to the general effect; the constant movements and chatter of us spring ones; with our well-rehearsed little scenes, which were found to dovetail perfectly; the itinerant acrobats and dancers; the entrance of Charles Kean as Richard, on horseback, with bowed head, and Kate Terry as a boy starting out of the crowd into the procession, and flinging a handful of earth at Richard's head, exclaiming, "Behold King Richard, who has done so

much good for the Kingdom of England!" the groaning and hooting of the people, not only on the ground, but in balconies and at the windows, which changed to shouts of joy and exclamations of delight at sight of Bolingbroke on a noble, prancing steed; the attempt of the people to crowd in upon him to press his hand, to hug his feet, and even to kiss the tail of his horse (which was actually done by an enthusiastic young lady); the showers of flowers which fell at his feet and all around him; and then, when the procession was nearing an end, the crowding in of the mob upon Bolingbroke, and the soldiers keeping them back against immense odds and midst the screaming of women and their cries for help, while men shouted and children were almost trampled on; the clanging of the huge bells, and the sound of the disappearing band, on which scene of confusion and general riot the curtain fell. Even at this distance of time one feels proud to have been associated with such a "Mob."

What else do I remember of this revival, of those old Princess's days, of those long walks between Hoxton and Oxford Street, when some demon whispered in my ear, "Be a dramatic critic; think about it all, write about it all; somehow or other be in the movement that fascinates you." Well, after these departed years, I still remember Walter Lacy as John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, particularly in the scene where the old grey-beard was in bed. Walter Lacy, dear old fellow, one of the oldest actors who lived on to cheer and amuse us, hero of anecdotes, who delighted us so often at the Garrick Club and elsewhere with his wonderful stories and his matchless gift of hyperbole, has gone at last to join David James and Edward Righton. I remember old John Cooper as the Duke of York, the Cooper of the Macready days, the most pompous and courteous old gentleman, and probably one of the worst actors who ever ruined Shakspeare. I met him years afterwards, at the rooms of a Macready enthusiast, one Rennie, a chief clerk in the service of the Great Western Railway, who gave me my first engagement as a public lecturer at the age of twenty-one.

Lastly, I remember Charles Kean as Richard, not only as the dejected, despondent, downtrodden King, hissed by the crowd in Bolingbroke's procession, but in the scene where Bolingbroke makes his obeisance in mock humility, a splendid burst of natural passion—

Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it. . . .
Up, cousin, up: your heart is up, I know;
Thus high at least—although your knee be low.

And I remember that I was deeply impressed, as a boy, with the grim scene in the gloomy dungeon at Pontefract, where the crime was perpetrated, and appalled with the sight of the body of the murdered Richard laid before Bolingbroke in St. George's Hall, Windsor, while he sits in state as King!

Why, oh why, did fate compel me, at the age of sixteen, to listen to those weird voices as I walked home to dull and unimaginative Hoxton,



MISS ELLEN TERRY IN "A WINTER'S TALE," AT THE PRINCESS'S (1857).

"Be a dramatic critic! Be a dramatic critic!"? How I loved the art then! How I believed in the artists! How I have tried to serve them! How they have tried, in turn, to crush my independence and stifle my voice! But they have not succeeded! And that was forty-one years ago!

CLEMENT SCOTT.



HUNTERS I HAVE KNOWN: A MOORISH PIG-STICKER.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE IMMORTAL GAINSBOROUGH ENTERED THE WORLD 172 YEARS AGO.

This may be called Gainsborough week, for, though no man can tell the date of the great painter's birth, Sunday was the 172nd anniversary of his christening in the Independent Meeting-house at Sudbury, in Suffolk; while his London residence, Schomberg House, Pall Mall, is unusually to the front, inasmuch as the War Office means to abandon it as soon as ever its new quarters in Whitehall are ready.

Gainsborough is always among the Immortals. His famous stolen picture of the Duchess of Devonshire alone has made him more familiar to the man in the street than any other British portrait-painter, not excepting Reynolds, while to the art connoisseur he is of increasing value. It is only the other day that Mr. Walter Armstrong wrote an elaborate monograph upon Gainsborough, so that it needs only to recall a few facts which may have become dimmed on the tablets of fickle memory.

Certainly no woman can possibly forget Gainsborough, for has he not given her a hat? A hat, moreover, of such intrinsic grace and beauty that it is permanently the vogue. This fact is sufficiently convincing when one remembers that the other name of Fashion is Ephemerality.

Gainsborough is well represented in our National Gallery both in portraits and landscapes. The National Gallery of Ireland has one example in each *genre*; that of Scotland rejoices in a lovely picture of the Hon. Mrs. Graham; Dulwich possesses "The Misses Linley" (Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell); "The Painter's Daughters" are in South Kensington Museum; and numerous beautiful examples of his work are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, many of which will have been seen by those fortunate enough to have visited the Gainsborough Collection at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1885. The "Musidora" in the National Gallery, with its lovely auburn tints, is thought to be a portrait of Emma Hart—afterwards Lady Hamilton—who appears to have lived in a portion of the huge Schomberg House during the Gainsboroughs' tenancy.

Concerning Schomberg House much might be written. The west wing—which Gainsborough inhabited—and the central block still remain. The mansion was built by the Duke of Schomberg. At this time it had been bought by John Astley, the painter, who in his impecunious days used to line his waistcoat with his canvases. His first wife, a rich widow, left him her money, and with it he purchased Schomberg House. Gainsborough paid him £300 a-year for a third of it.

But to return to the pictures. Here are others—"Miss Linley," Sheridan's wife, owned by the Marquis of Dufferin, and reproduced in *The Sketch* of April 26; "The Blue Boy" and "The Cottage Door," both belonging to the Duke of Westminster; "View in the Mall, St. James's Park," a gem of art, described by Hazlitt as "all a-flutter, like a lady's fan"; "The Eldest Princesses" (the Princess Royal and the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth); "Signora Bacelli," a most living thing; "Lady Sheffield"; "The Morning Walk: Squire Hallett and his Wife," owned by Lord Rothschild; a fine portrait of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, belonging to Sir Robert Peel, &c., &c.—for the list grows too long.

Gainsborough never signed, and seldom dated his pictures, but their individual style makes them easy to recognise by the expert. He was supremely good at depicting women and children. Whether fashionable beauties or rustic children, he seemed to seize the charm and the spirit of his sitter and transmit them to canvas with an ideal grace and sympathy that perhaps no other painter has achieved.

Yet, successful as Gainsborough was with his portraits, and fine as they are, they were to him quite secondary—merely the vehicle of a livelihood. Landscape came first. On one occasion, when Lord Lansdowne called on him at Schomberg House, Gainsborough, after showing him through several rooms hung with his landscapes, took him to the studio, and, pointing to a portrait, said, "I'm a landscape-painter, and yet they will come to me for portraits. I can't paint portraits.

Look at that damned arm! I have been at it all the morning, and I can't get it right."

But this opinion of Gainsborough's is not general, although "Peter Pindar" of the caustic tongue seems to have shared it with him. In his Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians, he criticises thus—

Yet Gainsborough has merit, too,
Would he his charming *fort* pursue,
To mind his landscape have the modest grace;
Yet there sometimes are Nature's tints despised;
I wish them more attended to, and prized,
Instead of trumpery that usurps their place.

And again—

O Gainsborough, Nature 'plaineth sore
That thou hast kicked her out of door,
Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free,
To cull such genius out for thee.
Lo! all thy efforts without her are vain!
Go, find her, kiss her, and be friends again!

Unlike most artists, Gainsborough did not travel, but got his inspiration from his own country, spending his life between Suffolk, Bath, and London. Suffolk is proud of his memory, and many of his early sketches made in the woods of Sudbury are still cherished in the county. John Constable, also a native of Suffolk, speaks of Gainsborough's pictures as "soothing, tender, and affecting." He further adds, "On looking at his canvases we find tears in our eyes and know not what brings them."

His studies were pursued in London, where his parents sent him at the age of fourteen. First he went to Gravelot, the French engraver, then to the St. Martin's Lane Academy. From thence he entered Frank Hayman's studio, stayed there for three years, and then set up for himself in Hatton Garden. Here he painted landscapes and portraits for dealers at a low price. At Bath he was able to command fairly good money for his work. He greatly admired Vandyck, and often made copies of him, as well as of Rubens and Teniers.

With some of his subjects Gainsborough had difficulties. Mrs. Siddons was one of them. After several tries and failures, he said, in a moment of unrestraint, "Damn your nose, Madam, there's no end to it!" This is a good example of what Mr. Armstrong calls "irresponsibility of tongue."

Here is another instance. He was one day painting a personage who ventured to ask him not to forget the dimple in his chin. "Damn the dimple in your chin!" said Gainsborough; "I shall paint neither the one nor the other." And he didn't. He made no less than five attempts to paint his old friend, Davy Garrick, and succeeded in the end. Quin and Foote he also tried to paint, and neatly remarked that "they had everybody's faces but their own."

In the National Gallery there is now a portrait of Gainsborough and his wife's famous dogs, Fox and Tristram. Of his picture, "Girl and Pigs," which Reynolds so greatly admired (though he deplored the girl was not beautiful), and which he purchased for a hundred guineas, "Pindar" writes—

And now, O Muse, with song so big,
Turn round to Gainsborough's Girl and Pig;
Or Pig and Girl, I rather should have said.
The pig in white, I must allow,
Is really a well-painted sow:
I wish to say the same thing of the maid.

Ruskin's tribute to Gainsborough is classic. He says, among other things, that "he is the purest colourist of the whole English School—that with him, in fact, the *art* of painting did in great part die, and exists not now in Europe; that, in the pure technical art of painting, Turner is a child to Gainsborough!"

So much for an English genius.

E. M. E.



SCHOMBERG HOUSE, NOW PART OF THE WAR OFFICE, WHERE GAINSBOROUGH LIVED.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.



IN DISTANT AUSTRALIA SHE READS "THE SKETCH."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARDS, BALLARAT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE STORY OF A STORY.

BY HAROLD MACFARLANE.

Mrs. Templemore-Lee should have been, but was not, entirely satisfied with her lot. She was essentially human.

When, as Lucy Mawville, she longed for wealth, wealth, as personified by Templemore-Lee, duly appeared, and Lucy Mawville became wealthy Mrs. Templemore-Lee. Of course, after this stroke of good fortune Mrs. Lee should have enjoyed a perfectly fiendish existence with a husband who in appearance should have been bloated and possessed of habits particularly unpleasant. Every word he spoke should have sent a shiver of terror through her shrinking form, and he ought not to have died until his wife was worn to but a shadow of her former self and all the joys of existence had departed from her.

In reality, Templemore-Lee was one of those pleasant, unsophisticated youths to which our Universities could often point the finger of pride, if the dictate of polite society did not preclude the possibility of pointing; he was every inch (and he possessed some seventy-four) a sportsman, and a good one too; he had other excellent attributes; but, cut off in the flower of his youth, as he was, by a crevasse on the Skagstol-hatten, it is unnecessary to enlarge upon these now.

Very fond of her husband, Mrs. Lee mourned for him with absolute sincerity, every year repairing to the little village lying between the Veldre Fiord and the great mountain which contained the unlocated grave of her husband, and doing there good deeds and acts of charity in his memory. The villagers regarded her with sympathetic affection—the fact that she had lost all that she held dear in their mountain made her one of them. Alas! they could not find the remains of poor Lee; but, whenever any small relic of him turned up on the glacier or mountain, it was carefully preserved by the finder and reverently handed over to the sorrow-stricken wife when she paid her annual visit.

In the course of five years it was proved beyond a shadow of doubt, by the things that turned up, that at the time of his death poor Lee was wearing five shirts and carrying ten penknives of local origin.

Worth their weight in gold to her, Mrs. Lee paid for the relics at her own valuation; at first, the villagers refused to take the money, but they soon found that to attempt to turn Mrs. Templemore-Lee from her set purpose was an impossibility, and in the end they accepted the situation and the money with the best grace possible.

When, with the sixth anniversary of her husband's death looming near, Mrs. Lee repaired to Polde, as she was accustomed to do, she was amazed to find that her old quarters had taken unto themselves wings, and in their place and in comparison with them a lordly hotel had sprung, occupied on the day of her arrival by Sir Joseph Jones, the eminent physician, and his wife; Mrs. Trevetherick, the author of "The Tranquility of Terence Osmonde," and her daughter Olive; Archie Strong, barrister; the very Rev. Peter Pawle, Dean of St. Estens; and several plutocrats who, in the moments of leisure they can steal from the cricket and football fields, guide the young idea through the intricacies of classic lore, or endeavour to inculcate the beauties of the problems of Euclid into unrecceptive minds.

Polde was discovered.

If this were a story in a Christmas Number, the *dénouement* would be obvious: the charming young widow would fall in love with a charming young man, and *vice versa*; there would be a misunderstanding, but eventually the two would be caught in a fog on the glacier. When the inevitable reconciliation followed, and the lady was about to throw herself into her lover's arms, she would give a piercing shriek and fall senseless at his feet; ever afterwards she would be a gibbering lunatic, and all through seeing her first husband staring at her, with glassy eyes and a sardonic smile, from the inside of the glacier which had preserved him through so many years—for some reason or other that incident would explain "How John Lestrangle spent Christmas Eve." This, however, is not a Christmas Number, so there is no necessity to alter the facts from those actually taking place, simply because at a certain time of the year it is ordained that the food for the mind should act as a corrective to the provender with which the body is loaded; therefore I shall preserve the even tenor of this truthful story, regardless of its possibilities from a Yuletide point of view.

Left to her own devices, with plenty of time and plenty of money, it is not surprising that Mrs. Templemore-Lee, who was far from wanting in mental ability, should ask herself in what manner she should employ her leisure hours; and even with plenty of acquaintances to call upon, she had a few left for which she had no regular employment. For some considerable time she busied herself in affairs of charity, but it was at last borne upon her, when a number of her pet protégés had to answer in the dock for a number of misdeeds, that the money she expended on the said reprobates would do much less harm if she gave it to properly qualified individuals to dispense.

In this troublous state of mind, Mrs. Lee suddenly found herself in a veritable hotbed of literature. Sir Joseph Jones's masterpiece, "Death and Disease," has been sold to the extent of five thousand copies; Lady Jones's cookery-book, "Death in the Pot; or, Hints on Health," is rapidly approaching a circulation of six figures; each of the plutocrats had written either a book of stories and ensured a circulation by giving

copies to pupils on leaving, or a Latin Grammar for the use of Lower Forms, their own in particular; while Pawle's Sermons are as well known as—they deserve to be. With this array of talent, together with the presence of the author of "The Tranquility, &c.," which you have all pretended to read, arranged about her, can it be considered strange that Mrs. Lee turned her thoughts to pens and paper, and to Archie Strong, the only unavowed *littérateur*, for companionship?

Among the pines of Polde, Archie Strong and Mrs. Lee started to collaborate on a short story. Mrs. Lee, speaking about the Dean of St. Estens, had propounded a theory, and, on Strong exclaiming that it would make a jolly good story, Mrs. Lee had laughingly suggested that he should write it. At first the young man had refused, on the ground that, the plot being everything, it would be simply robbing Mrs. Lee if he took it; but eventually it was agreed that the masterpiece should be written in collaboration. The following day Strong left for England.

For the first time in five weeks Mrs. Lee felt lonely.

During the succeeding January, "The Talking Bishop," the story in question, appeared in the pages of a sixpenny weekly, and Mrs. Templemore-Lee's name was launched on the sea of letters. With becoming modesty, Strong had suppressed his name in connection with this work, for the reason he had already given, namely, that the plot was everything, and that to Mrs. Lee was all the credit due.

Moreover, he had no idea that he had the good gift of writing popular fiction, and was at that time intent on building up a practice in the Ecclesiastical and less light-hearted Courts.

It was a pleasant collaboration—if it could be called such by any but Strong—and a successful one: the barrister wrote the stories, Mrs. Lee lent her name. Strong assured her that she did her fair share of the work, and also stated that the loan of her name alone ensured the stories being accepted, and they divided the profits in a very business-like manner.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Templemore-Lee was not entirely satisfied with her lot; she knew perfectly well that she did not do her fair share of the work, that she was gaining a reputation for wit to which she had no claim, and a literary success under pretences that were false.

It was no use telling herself that many people had literary "ghosts"; the well-known fact that Sir Joseph, and not Lady Jones, wrote "Death in the Pot" gave her no comfort; nor did the printing in parallel columns of the Dean of St. Estens' sermon on "The Drink Fiend and His Annihilation" and that of the curate of Little Perrinacre, preached four weeks before that of the Dean, on the same subject, bring her relief. She was a strange woman.

She had a conscience.

Then came the famous "Letters from Lucretia," and, finding herself in the very forefront of living English writers of fiction, Mrs. Templemore-Lee, who had as much to do with the writing of the letters as I who pen this history, fled to Izeltwald, on Lake Brienz, to get away from laudatory notices, congratulations, and invitations from the leaders of the great Woman Movement. Now, Strong stayed at Interlaken during his vacation, and Karl Horsa, of Polde, who had imported a number of English brace-buttons and other dry-goods which he had laid down in the local glacier at vast expense, gloomily contemplated the Bankruptcy Court or its local equivalent. Mrs. Lee did not visit Polde that year.

From the fact that the talented author's next work was a vast disappointment to those of her admiring critics, who recognised in her the inaugurator of a new era, I gather that beneath the canopy afforded by the leaves of the closely cropped trees growing on the terrace bordering the lake, and overlooking the domain occupied by a "Union Jack" loving family, Mrs. Lee and Strong had really collaborated to some purpose.

One December afternoon, when Mrs. Lee, to her intense relief, had decided, once and for all, that she would not allow the deception to go on any longer, and was consequently feeling particularly unhappy, Strong was announced; under the circumstances, she desired to see no one more.

They were very good friends, these two, which in itself shows that the collaboration was a myth; and, when they had talked for a little while about a variety of subjects which do not concern us, Strong produced a type-written manuscript from an inside pocket.

"I have brought the manuscript of 'A Tiger—a Lily'; have you time to go over it?" he inquired. "I think you mentioned that Harvey and Pott wanted it in time for the next American mail, and that the *Pictures* artist was gnashing his teeth because he could not get on with the drawings."

Mrs. Lee read out the title aloud, "'A Tiger—a Lily,' by A. Templemore-Lee," and perused the remainder in silence.

"I have only one improvement to suggest," she said, on finishing it; "and that is that the authorship should be attributed to the proper individual."

"My dear lady, you must pardon me, but the idea is absurd," said Strong, in expostulation. "Why should the famous Mrs. Templemore-Lee take an unknown individual like A. Strong into collaboration?"

"You misunderstand me. Mrs. Templemore-Lee would not be mentioned. Archibald Strong's name would stand alone, and upon its owner's merits."

"Heavens! What a prospect of returned manuscripts and meagre cheques you conjure up! Do you know that since we collaborated I

have become a Sybarite, that an omnibus is no longer a convenience but an impediment to the progress of my triumphant hansom? Can you, now that such knowledge is yours, condemn me once again to the garden-seat of the 'bus? With so hard a fate before me, let me implore you to reconsider your decision. Besides, I want your advice and aid."

Mrs. Templemore-Lee, with a shrug of her shoulders, signified that both were at the service of her collaborator; it was useless for a weak woman to try and stand out against a will such as Strong's, she told herself, and she accepted the lie in all good faith. Some of us have the greatest confidence in our own assertions, and yet experience is still supposed to teach.

"The plot is in a very embryo state," explained Strong; "and," he added, in a manner worthy of a junior Attaché, "it requires a woman's lightness of touch to elaborate it. Briefly, this is the idea. A. (a man) and B. (a woman) enter into a literary partnership—"

"One like ours, or a real one?" asked Mrs. Lee bitterly.

"A real one, like ours," Strong blithely replied. "For some reason, to be afterwards decided on, it is absolutely imperative—"

"He might be a clergyman and the literary partnership a burlesque," suggested Mrs. Lee.

"By Jove! that's splendid! I never thought of that. I was going to suggest political reasons, but the clergyman and the burlesque has such possibilities about it. Anyway, it is imperative that his name should not appear in connection with their joint literary output; so hers is used, and it becomes famous; but, somehow or other—"

"Perhaps the Reverend A. had a rival—"

"How wonderfully quickly you have grasped the idea! A. was, of course—"

"But why 'of course'? Was Mrs. B.—I mean, is B. to be a young or old lady? Do you intend her to be the heroine? Is she to be 'not exactly beautiful' or plain?"

Mrs. Templemore-Lee blushed at her idiotic assumption, as she styled her extraordinary insight.

"She is young, beautiful, and charming. A. loves her with a passion that is wearing him to a shadow, but he dare not disclose it to her because of her—because she had a husband alive, or some other drawback."

"You have been putting on weight lately, haven't you? Mrs. Barrington Briggs told me the other day that she thought you were getting quite stout."

"Although she is my sister's mother-in-law, I look upon that woman with absolute loathing. I may look fatter, Mrs. Lee, but I can assure you that I am gradually wasting away."

"You look as if you were wasting to waist—but do go on," said Mrs. Lee sweetly.

"Well, when B.'s name is as well known as—"

"Mine?"

"Or George Kailyard's, A.'s rival—I think he must be in a magazine office—gets an inkling of A.'s share in B.'s books; he follows up the clue and discovers the real facts, and then, in a spirit of revenge, and in the midst of a series of stories presumably by B., runs one in stated to be by A. The excitement in literary circles is tremendous; the Archbishop of Canterbury orders all B.'s books from the bookseller, including 'The Modern St. Anthony,' and prepares to court-martial A. There is a tremendous fuss, and, in order to save the Rev. A., his collaborator, B., declares that she is his wife, and therefore fully justified in using her husband's name."

"I suppose their initials were the same?"

"Of course."

"And how about the wedding?"

"Well, they pretend it took place when they were abroad in the summer, but they had to keep it secret for some reason or another."

"There are a lot of reasons to be suggested, are there not?"

"It wants working up, of course; but you are so good at suggesting reasons."

"If she was married—"

"Oh! but she wasn't really. Perhaps he thought she was, and so—"

"But do let her be married, and when she declares before all her guests that A. is her husband, a voice is heard from the neighbourhood of the portière, and a man steps from behind the curtain and says, 'I think not, Maria; I think not.' It is her husband, and, of course, everything ends unhappily. I'm sure it would be a splendid success."

Some considerable time later, the critics, with one accord, said it was a sad pity that the talented author of "A Tiger—a Lily" jeopardised her reputation with such a production as "The Inevitable." The scene in which the heroine came before the curtain at the first-night of "Haughty Matilda" and announced her marriage to the Secretary of State, and took upon herself the authorship of the play, only to have her first assertion contradicted by the decrepit Earl of Waxwell—who was not blown up, after all—though described with all her charm of style, was not the kind of thing they expected from the English "Gyp." It was an extremely fortunate thing that "Mimosa and Mimosette" followed so closely on "The Inevitable"; perhaps the failure of the latter emphasised the success that the Japanese romance attained.

When Strong left 26, Pinnerleigh Gardens, Mrs. Templemore-Lee, instead of hastening to change her frock, as she should have done, in

view of the fact that the "Bedouins' " Banquet was timed for 7.30, sat down at her *escrioire* and penned a hurried note to the Editor of the *Universe*. We know the note was written in haste, because it conveyed an entirely false impression to the recipient, who cannot in the smallest degree be held blamable.

Doubtless Mrs. Templemore-Lee desired in her note and the request it contained to disavow all authorship in "The Reveries of a Season" series; but when the sixth of the stories, "The Wedding-Day," appeared, no one was more astounded to read that it was by "A. Templemore-Lee (Mrs. Archibald Strong)" than she seemed to be.

Considering that there was not the slightest truth in the parenthesis, which owed its origin to a badly worded sentence in that famous note, the situation might have been most awkward.

But it wasn't.

Perhaps Mrs. Templemore-Lee foresaw that it would not be. As we have seen, she was gifted with great insight.

WHEN "LITTLE SISTER" DRINKS COFFEE.

BY GELETT BURGESS.

"Little Sister," as Dick calls her (because he has got quite over his *tendresse* for "Big Sister"), is only twenty-three. "Little Sister" writes; "features," and "fillers," and love-stories, too; what is more, gets paid for them! But Dick is not quite satisfied with her love-making; not, at least, that which she describes. It is too restrained, too cold. But when "Little Sister" drinks coffee—!

"Little Sister," yes, she is a bit prim. One cannot be too careful, nowadays, and, even though he is "only Dick," "Little Sister" says there is no telling where one's heart would lead one, if one's head were not to be relied upon. "But how can she write if she doesn't know?" says Dick. "Little Sister" says it isn't at all necessary, and she can trust to her own imagination; and Dick mustn't be a bad boy, for they are only "playing," after all, and he oughtn't to take advantage. But when "Little Sister" drinks coffee—!

"Little Sister" is not used to the ways of the world, but she is quite able to take care of herself. She can do the demure, the pensive, the *distracte*, the *triste*, better than the higher altitudes of vivacity and good-fellowship. She is a sober little girl. But when "Little Sister" drinks coffee—!

"Little Sister" doesn't talk much about herself, nor about Dick. She is very discreet indeed. Oh my, yes! She doesn't bubble her confidences into any friend's ear. Not even Dick half guesses where he stands in her regard. She keeps him well in hand, and so well in his place that he mutters gentlemanly little expletives. But when "Little Sister" drinks coffee—!

"Little Sister" has been of the "chaperoned class." She defends the social conventionalities with a very pretty air of seriousness, though "Little Sister" doesn't take anything very seriously, not even Dick. And so she insists that Dick shall be as clever and amusing and brilliant when Mother is in the room, as—well, as at any other time, for Mother is her confidante. "Little Sister" tells her mother everything. Yes, *everything*! But when "Little Sister" drinks coffee—!

"Little Sister" has grey-blue eyes, the colour of the twilight sea. Sometimes they look straight at Dick, but more often they look far away—clear to Parnassus. They are not really rainy eyes—sometimes there is a little flurry in them, and Dick thinks a storm is coming; but it usually passes, for "Little Sister" hates a "scene." They are brave eyes—brave and true, though you would hardly call them tender. But when "Little Sister" drinks coffee—!

"Little Sister" is absolutely devoted to her profession. She has ambitions, and will make a name for herself some day. Nothing must be allowed to interfere with her work. *Nothing*! A little love-making *might* be a good experience, and might suggest "copy," but one should not "play" too hard, Dick, really! But, when "Little Sister" drinks coffee—!

"Little Sister" knows that it doesn't do to encourage Dick too much. Dick is so impetuous! He's certainly either a "crank" or a genius, "Little Sister" doesn't quite know which. But why can't he just be jolly and *bon camarade*, and not be so impatient? For her part, she believes in going *slowly*; it takes a *long time* to make even a *friend*. She is going to be careful, and not let her emotions run away with her. But when "Little Sister" drinks coffee—!

"Little Sister" sometimes goes to an Italian Restaurant with Dick, and they have a little sprig duck, stuffed with oranges, and they talk nonsense about when they'll both be famous in London. Sometimes they sit by the fire, and "Little Sister" smokes just one cigarette, and she and Dick make up the whole plot of *Saturday's Child*, and quarrel as to who shall write it. She likes a quiet, tranquil, comfortable time best, especially if there's a cold rain outside. No, Dick *mustn't* let the fire die down, or she'll have to light the lamp! But when "Little Sister" drinks coffee—!

Nothing shall ever induce "Little Sister" to marry—it would spoil everything! Her books shall be her only children. "Little Sister" is very discreet indeed. Or is she afraid? She will take a *very* little claret at lunch, yes—only a spoonful in her water—but coffee is different. Coffee is so exciting; it keeps her awake; it makes her eyes shine; it makes her heart beat! And so, "Little Sister" *never* drinks coffee!

THEATRE NOTES.

The enormous vitality of "The Belle of New York" has been evidenced by the many changes in the cast lately. Not that Miss Toby Claude need be ashamed to stand comparison with Miss Phyllis Rankin, whose part she has been playing; on the contrary, she is a very good substitute for that lady. She is not American at all. She comes from Dublin, and her name is Kavanagh; but she has adopted the name of Claude after her mother, once a well-known burlesque actress "Toby"—that's her pet name—was educated in France, and went on the stage two years ago. Mr. Carleton, with whom she sings "When We are Married," is also English, though he has spent his life in America. He is the nephew of Mr. Herbert Standing.

Miss Alice Webster is a young dancer who made her début at the Peckham pantomime last Christmas. She is tall and very graceful, and should make a place for herself in the ranks of the difficult art she has undertaken.

Miss Olive Marston began her career at the Strand Theatre with Miss Minnie Palmer, at the age of six years, afterwards going on tour with Sidney Cooper's pantomimes. Later, she joined Horace Lingard's Opera Company, and played Falka, Pepita, &c. She has played "principal boy" at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, and, last year, second "principal boy" at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, where she made a great success with her song, "The Lonesome Coon." Last Christmas she played second "principal boy" in "Dick Whittington," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, playing the part of Dick six times during Miss Vesta Tilley's absence. Among her other successes, Miss Marston has



MISS TOBY CLAUDE AND MR. CARLETON SINGING "WHEN WE ARE MARRIED," IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

been playing the Circus Girl in Mr. George Edwardes' company for more than a year.

The forthcoming equitable division of the Covent Garden Fund among the other theatrical institutions, and Sir Theodore Martin's generous donation to the Actors' Benevolent Fund of what is to be known as the Helen Faucit Bequest, are points satisfactory to members and friends of the profession, as is the steady development of that most beneficent and well-managed charity, the Actors' Orphanage Fund. At the annual general meeting of this, Sir Henry Irving has promised to take the chair, on Thursday, May 25, at the Haymarket Theatre.

I note that that charming comédienne, Miss Granville, is thinking of becoming an actress-manageress, for the purpose of producing a play by Mr. F. Kinsey Peile, called "An Interrupted Honeymoon." Just a year ago—on May 16, 1898, to be precise—Miss Granville brought out at Worcester, or, as its inhabitants love to call it, "the Faithful City," a play from the pen of Mr. Kinsey Peile, entitled "The Other Man's Wife."

I am a great admirer of Miss Clo Graves as dramatist as well as journalist, and I hope that she may find a second "Mother of Three" in her next play, "The Bishop's Eye," the title of which, being interpreted, means an Archdeacon, who forms the principal character. In a melodrama called "The Face at the Window," which I saw the other night, a powerful electrical apparatus was used to bring to life for a moment a just-murdered man, to enable him to write the name of the criminal that he had had on his mind at the time of death; and similar mysteries of modern science have been turned by Miss Clo Graves to purely farcical account in her forthcoming play.



MISS ALICE WEBSTER.

Photo by Lallie Garcl-Charles, Fitchfield Road, N.W.



MISS OLIVE MARSTON IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL."

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Great Liberal Party, now, perhaps, to be described as the "Set of Small Illiberal Factions," is in a more parlous way than ever. The choice of a definite leader would seem to have caused more troubles than it appeared. The two old leaders re-appear and make speeches, and all Liberal men are divided between them, and the recognised leader of the party sits in the midst unnoticed, much as Mr. Justin McCarthy used to preside over the Irish Party. It is a sufficiently ignominious position for a rather second-rate statesman to occupy, knowing all the while that he is tolerated because the two or three first-class men of the party are hopelessly at variance.

Lord Rosebery has been very explicit in defining his position. His allusion to Mr. John Morley's action in opposing the grant to Lord Kitchener was as unmistakable as it was unfavourable. His outspoken advocacy of an Imperial policy, and his forgetfulness of the shelf of cheap nostrums once described as the party "platform," have caused great searchings of heart among the serious members of his party. Sir William Harcourt naturally scored a point by asking, in return, what had been done with such little matters as Home Rule, Local Veto, Disestablishment, and the rest. Were they not once essential items of every Liberal scheme; and, if so, what has become of them since? When were they dropped?

To much of this there is no obvious answer to be made. These once formidable banners of the Liberal host are not borne—unless wound round the poles—by the officially appointed Bannerman. Everybody knows they are useless, but nobody likes to say so, except Lord Rosebery, and even he not altogether. The fact is that questions of internal politics interest comparatively few persons of any party. Nobody wants to tinker with the franchise just now. The lowering of the qualifications might benefit the Liberals, or might not; but the inevitable measure of redistribution of seats would wipe out a considerable portion of the members for the over-represented "Celtic fringe." Local Veto is not good to touch, and Ireland has got her Local Government Act, and must needs have a few years to try it. What is the poor Liberal to cry for?

Retrenchment—would mean stinting Army or Navy, and this the average man will not now stand. It would mean the halt or retreat of the boundary of Empire. It would be a giving-up of contested fields to our rivals. Let us reduce our naval armaments by all means, but—"Que messieurs les—Russes—commencent." Of our Army we may say, not that it costs too much, but that the money is wasted; let us have better administration, not reduction in cost. The average voter cares more for glory than for the bill. A working-man will feel the thrill of victory keenly, and also the pang of defeat; and he will readily vote large sums for the prosecution of a war, and run the income-tax up with the calm courage shown only by those who never pay any.

Even the cry of Peace, taken up by a knot of agitators first of all, finds little echo in the masses of the country. A few trades' unions here and there, a few public meetings at which objectors were overruled, talked more or less about the question, and left us much as they found us. For the working-men mostly read their newspapers; they know what the Apostle of Peace is doing at home, and enthusiasm does not lead them to implore so peaceful a potentate to take all China, if he chooses. A Russian historian frankly confessed that the method of Russia was to annex any convenient trifle in time of peace, professing the utmost zeal for some philanthropic object the while. Poland was partitioned without wars, almost, in defence of religious liberty and political equality. In war, Russia has often been defeated, and generally has missed her real object. In time of peace she is always victorious, until the other side seriously prepares for war. The British workman knows thus much, and it moderates his zeal for peace.

But, though the old Liberal cries are out-of-date, where will Lord Rosebery and others find new ones, and what will be the effect if they do? "Down with the Lords" is not a taking war-cry. "Why, what have they been doing?" is the counter-question of the ignorant, and the answer is that they

Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well.

The House of Lords is an anomaly, but it will not be in danger till it very obviously and stiffly opposes an important measure about which many men feel very strongly. We English tolerate anything old that is not actively malignant, and some old things that are.

So with other ideas. A party cry must be, as Milton said about poetry—or somebody else, I cannot for the moment remember—"Simple, generous, and passionate." It must call up at once some familiar notion, must lend itself to the voice and the ear, must excite sympathy, and seem to mean something. Something might be done by the "No Popery" cry even yet, but the working-man cares little for these things, and has probably made up his mind to ignore High Church and Low Church alike.

As for Imperialism, colonial expansion, and other such matters, the party in power has all the chances for it. The only serious danger to the Unionist ascendancy lies in pursuing a weak policy. Then, and then only, would the great majority dwindle and disappear. MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A German critic has said, with a fine fearlessness of assertion, that "In the whole of Europe there are only two genuine and honest naturalists, and they are Emile Zola and Amalie Skram." We have none of us, I am sure, heard before of Zola's literary sister. She is introduced to us by a translation of her novel, "Professor Hieronimus" (Lane), a very extraordinary piece of work, from which one gathers she is a writer to be counted with, but also to be afraid of. Let nervous readers beware of "Professor Hieronimus." Zola is quite soothing by comparison. The only novelist I can think of so exciting to the nerves—I couple them only in this connection—is Dostoevsky. The story in this Danish book seems to me quite as incredible, but the writer of the preface, who signs himself "B. M.," assures us it is a sketch straight from life. Amalie Skram once sought rest, of her own free-will, in a lunatic asylum, and wrote of her experiences in this novel. Her experiences read as if they dated from the days when they confined maniacs in dark-rooms and flogged them. The cruelties narrated here, though they are mostly mental, are not much less. In England, at least, we flatter ourselves we do not do such things. But the accuracy of the report does not really matter very much. It is not as a picture of a nervous patient in the midst of ill-tended lunatics that the book demands attention, but as the picture of a bully and his attendant slaves. Björnson, who admires Madame Skram's work highly, speaks of her frugality of words, and his praise is deserved.

Her strokes are very few, and they all tell. There seems to be no labour at all expended on the portrait of Hieronimus, and yet there he is, a living reality, however mythical his asylum may be. He is the man born to rule, and to whom circumstances have given too easy an opportunity for doing so. All who come in contact with him must give way. If his dependents do not submit, he crushes them. Originally good, in a fanatical fashion, benevolent and high-aimed, such a man will, in the end, lie, or inflict wanton pain, or commit a meanness, if thereby the growth of independence in his creatures may be stopped. His creatures, too, are admirably described. Many of them are nurses, devoted, heroic, kindly, and intelligent beings, but not daring to withstand his will, and pleading for submission to it from more courageous natures. "Professor Hieronimus" is a remarkable book. It forces us to live through every day and night that Fru Kant spent in the asylum, and that is its condemnation as well as its praise. It should be put out of the reach of all who are not leading bucolic country lives.

Mrs. Sedgwick made a name for herself in fiction by her story, "The Dull Miss Archinard." Its success owed nothing to sensational manner or matter. It was due merely to quiet, solid work, to patient delineation of characters worth observing, and to the possession of a workmanlike and a cultivated style. Its successor, "The Confounding of Camelia," may be even more popular. Its subject is certainly more striking, but I do not find in it the even goodness of the earlier work. It contains some intolerable Meredithese, and there is the taint of the benevolent schoolmaster over at least half of it. But, save for these two not trifling objections, the story is excellent. Mrs. Sedgwick wields a vigorous lash, and the castigation she gives to the young. Camelia is the type of tyrannous youth, youth that knows very much better than its elders, that is far more cultivated, that has finer manners, whether in gracious or in chilling moods; but has not, after all, left the nursery far behind, and is full of childish meannesses, cruelties, and affectations, only grown stronger and uglier with years. Camelia sets out, seemingly, with the aim of having half-a-dozen dukes at her beck and call, setting the fashion to a country, patronising her most established elders; and she ends by thinking herself not half good enough to marry a tiresome pedagogue. She wasn't good enough, but one pities her, all the same. It may not be possible to praise the story consistently, but, as of its predecessor, one must say "The Confounding of Camelia" belongs to that not very large band of novels that have had thought and good workmanship bestowed on them, and are evidently the outcome of a good and a cultivated understanding.

In his new volume, "The Heart of Denise" (Longmans), Mr. Levett Yeats has included tales of all nationalities and all degrees of ability. From France, Italy, London, and India he draws his romance, and the qualities of his work are as varied as his scenes. "The Captain Moratti's Last Affair" is the gem of the collection. It is a wildly romantic story, where you are asked to believe that a desperate Italian bravo behaves in the most delicate and chivalrous manner, and is cured of all his evil by a mere glance at a fair lady's face. But Mr. Yeats makes probability ride all the way with romance, and he keeps so fast a hold on your imagination that belief will never be far away. And, in any case, you will admire the trim, high-bred, harmonious fashion of his workmanship, almost the best that is put into adventure stories at the present time. "The Heart of Denise" itself might be termed Dumas for English readers. o. o.

The author of "Rock of Ages" was recently dealt with in these pages, and now the May number of the *Gospel Magazine*, in which the hymn first appeared in 1776, comes out with a special Toplady Number, with a facsimile of his hymn-book published in 1776; "Reminiscences of Toplady"; an unpublished letter, with facsimile; and various other articles, including the reprint of a diary kept by Toplady when a school-boy. Many readers of *The Sketch* will be glad to get this number of its veteran contemporary.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, May 17, 8.45; Thursday, 8.46; Friday, 8.48; Saturday, 8.49; Sunday, 8.50; Monday, 8.51; Tuesday, 8.53.

This is the time of the year when many cyclists—engaged during the broil of the day in working in the City—improve the early hours by a spin before breakfast. Indeed, being a busy man, I myself try to snatch an hour and a-half for a ride when the day is young. No doubt, there are thousands of folks who get out and breathe the freshness of sweet morning, a delight of which a few years ago they knew nothing. But early riding may be unbeneficial as well as beneficial. Vitality is at its lowest point after sleep. You should not therefore assume that a sharp spin on an empty stomach, just to give you an appetite, is good for you. The only thing it often produces is a headache. You put the headache down to the sun, whereas you have knocked your digestive organs out of order. For early-morning wheeling to really do you good, you should have a cup of rather weak tea before starting, and you should never ride at a pace that requires special energy.

Let me advise wheelmen who cycle for pleasure to keep away from high gears. Many of us know the fascination of a high gear on an absolutely perfect road, but, as roads are not always perfect, high gears very soon become an abomination. You can travel faster with a big gear, but only at the expense of comfort. I write this page for men anxious to break neither records nor their necks, and, however much you may envy a man on a high-geared wheel going like a flash of lightning along an asphalt-made thoroughfare, bear in mind that, in the country, you, with a gear below seventy, will be able to ride up hills when he will have to walk and laboriously push his machine.

Just a hint or two to those who intend to go touring this Whitsuntide. Don't have too ambitious a programme. If you have not been in constant practice, don't ride more than forty miles a-day. Do ten before breakfast, twenty between breakfast and lunch; don't ride again till after five o'clock, then ride gently till you reach your destination. When you finish the day's ride, do a little personal massage; especially knead the muscles above the knee—this will lessen the next morning's stiffness. Don't be provoked by the heat into drinking largely of water or anything else. Chew a blade of grass when you are thirsty, and, if you get uncomfortably warm, stick your wrists in a brook for a few minutes. Don't eat many vegetables, and don't ride immediately after meals. And, if you want to really enjoy yourself, don't be ashamed to stop riding and lie down among the bracken and be lazy. Let the other men boast of having done their century: you be proud that maybe you've only done twenty-five miles. If speed and covering ground be your ambition, take a train. Trains sometimes go quicker than bicycles.

Truly one comes across bicycles in the oddest corners. Take Persia, the alleged land of gazelle-eyed damsels and limpid streams, and rose-bowers and ruby wine. There, around the city of Teheran, may be seen Englishmen and English girls having a jaunt, just as you might see them on the Portsmouth Road. When the bicycle was first introduced into Persia, the late Shah, Nasr-i-Din, while out riding one day, met a friend of mine on a bicycle. He was immensely amused, and insisted on having a race. Then he borrowed the bicycle, and had it taken to the Palace. He insisted that his Ministers of State should ride. It was more than the head of a Grand Vizier was worth to refuse, so the poor Ministers jumped on and fell off, and tried again, and came croppers, and altogether were obliged to supply his Majesty with half-an-hour's excellent amusement. The Persian dearly loves this sort of uncomfortable practical joke.

I had an experience myself at Ispahan, in Central Persia, with the Zil-i-Sultan, brother of the present Shah. I was spending an afternoon at the Palace, and the Prince, whose inclinations are chiefly military, asked me a lot of questions about the usefulness of bicycles in warfare. Unfortunately, my knowledge of warfare was a minimum quantity, and I could only speak generalities. In the grounds of the Palace I rode up and down, just to give his Highness an idea of how easy bicycling was.

Then he asked me to ride down a particular path as fast as I could. I didn't see the gleam in his eye as I set off. I was going at a tolerably swift speed, when, to my horror, I spied a wall-like drop in front of me. I was off the machine in a trice, and just saved both neck and bicycle from simultaneous breakage. Turning round, I saw the Prince bent double, crimson-faced, and nearing apoplexy from laughter. I do really believe he would have enjoyed a smash-up. Since then I have sometimes thought that, if only I had broken my skull, he might have decorated me with the Order of the Lion and the Sun.

Burma is a country you conceive to be chiefly made up of thick jungle and pagodas. Yet there is plenty of cycling in the land of the Lord White Elephant. There is a good little club at Rangoon, and it has runs round the lakes and occasionally up to Pegu, some sixty miles away. I'll always remember my surprise when I reached Mandalay after a nasty, sloppy journey along the jungle paths. I was a little eager to see this famous city. Suddenly the rough road changed to a good level macadam; there were cabs rattling to the station, and there was a pretty-cheeked English girl, in blouse and straw-hat, on her bicycle. It seemed so strange to find a girl cycling away in that corner of the world! And yet there are many English cyclists in Mandalay. Indeed, I don't know any part of the world you can now go to where you won't find the useful but humble "bike."

Now and then there have been relay-races in the neighbourhood of London, but never has there been a long race to interest the public. The longest relay-race was in America, clear across the continent from San Francisco to New York, a distance of 3460 miles, when a letter was carried from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic in thirteen days. America went mad over that race. It was started by the little son and daughter of the Mayor of San Francisco, each riding with the letter half-a-mile through the streets, amid tumultuous enthusiasm. Then "grown-ups" took charge of the letter. Night and day, with never a halt, it

was carried through the snow-sheds of the Sierra Nevada or across the great scorching American desert and over the Rockies, and 1700 miles of the distance was on the railway line. A new rider took charge every ten miles or so.

We ought to have something of that kind here in England. The C.T.C. could easily arrange

a race among its members. The police difficulties in regard to fast riding might, for once, be overcome. Let me suggest that the C.T.C. arrange this as one of its features at the summer gathering at Harrogate. Let it arrange for a letter to be carried from Harrogate to Leeds, down to Nottingham, and so to London; then away to Exeter, back to Bristol, and up to Manchester; over the Border to Glasgow, further on to Aberdeen, then turn back down to Edinburgh, Newcastle, and so to Harrogate. Of course, only enthusiastic amateurs should take part. I guarantee that, were the relays properly managed, the whole thing would be an enormous success, and arouse a more general enthusiasm than even does the Derby.

The recent Cycle Sunday Parade held near Newcastle was a success. The crowd of cyclists and non-cyclists at the parade cannot have numbered less than six or seven thousand. That of the cyclists would number perhaps three thousand or more. Its dimensions and orderliness surpassed all anticipations, and beat all records. Some eighty clubs took part in the parade, but the number of unattached was far greater than in any previous year. Visitors came from all directions within a radius of about thirty miles of Newcastle.

Fond and well-intentioned parents who carry their children on the front of their bicycles should really give up the habit. It is exceedingly dangerous. The other day, down at Reading, a child was nearly killed.

Many of the American States are levying a cycle-tax, generally of a dollar a-year, and the money is applied by the local authorities to making and keeping in repair cycle-tracks by the side of the main roads. Four shillings and twopence is not an extravagant price to pay for assured good cycling the year round. One of these days we will be having something of the sort in this country, to the advantage of us all.

J. F. F.



CYCLE SUNDAY PARADE NEAR NEWCASTLE.

TOMMY AS A FOOTBALLER.

It is the most natural thing in the world that a fighter should be a footballer, even under a burning sun. For us the football season is a thing of the past, but I have just received these pictures which recall Tommy Atkins's exploits in the football-field during the season in India. The 1st Battalion of the Prince Albert's Somersetshire Light Infantry possess a fine football record in India, and are at present the holders of the Punjab-Bengal Army Football Cup and the Murree Cup, Punjab. These two cups, together with the Durand Cup, played for at Simla, which the Somersetshire Light Infantry won in 1897, form the three big competitions of Northern India. The photographs were taken by Lawes and Son, Umballa, and Sergeant Harris, of the Somersetshire Light Infantry, Rawal Pindi, Punjab.

The smaller group on this page represents the winning team in the annual five-a-side football tournament held recently in



THE PRINCE ALBERT'S SOMERSETSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY, HOLDERS OF THE MURREE CUP, 1898.

Previous winners: 1895, R.A.M.C., Cairo; 1896, Alexandria Football Club; 1897, South Staffordshire Regiment; 1898, 1st Royal Warwickshire. The photograph was taken by Reix, Alexandria.



THE ALEXANDRIA FOOTBALL TEAM.

Alexandria, open to all clubs, regimental or otherwise, in Egypt. The Alexandria Club, composed of civilians, promoted the tournament, which extended over two days, exciting a great amount of interest. Twenty-four teams competed, including the regimental teams of the Seaforth Highlanders, 21st Lancers, Royal Artillery, and R.A.M.C. from Cairo: the Royal Irish Fusiliers, 1st Royal Warwicks, Royal Artillery, R.A.M.C., H.M.S. *Rupert*, and Ras-el-tin schoolboys from Alexandria. The Seaforths' team were the favourites; but, after defeating their recent gallant comrades in the Soudan (the 21st Lancers) in the first round, they succumbed in the third round to the Alexandria Football Club, who were eventually returned winners of the gold badges, the 1st Royal Warwicks receiving the silver badges. In the five ties played the winners scored 9 goals and 4 minors to 1 minor, the latter point being scored against them in the final.

BIG GAME.

The third edition of Mr. Rowland Ward's "Records of Big Game" contains an amazing quantity of information concerning the proportions of the antlers and horns carried by game-beasts in every part of the world. How often the previous editions of this curious work must have damped out rising hopes of aspiring seekers for "record" heads the sympathetic reader grieves to imagine. Not only horn-bearing beasts are dealt with here, we have copious lists of dimensions of lions, tigers, bears, and other animals taken on the field. The "twelve-foot tiger," common in fiction, non-existent in fact, receives his final quietus in these pages, which show with heartless brevity how he ever obtained his footing in the shooting stories of "Colonel Bowlong" and similarly imaginative historians. A tiger of 9 feet 10½ in. from nose to tip of tail as he lay yielded a skin 12 feet 10 in. long to the obliging natives, who knew "Master" wanted a big tiger! When a tiger-skin will stretch like that, we can hardly wonder that tiger stories should stretch in equal ratio. It may be added that the longest, which is by no means necessarily the biggest, tiger recorded was one killed by Colonel Evans Gordon; it measured 10 ft. 7 in. from nose to tip of tail; it had an unduly long tail of 3 ft. 7 in. The Maharajah of Cooch Behar is credited with the biggest—that is, heaviest—tiger ever weighed, namely, one of 600 lb.



THE PRINCE ALBERT'S SOMERSETSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY, HOLDERS OF THE PUNJAB-BENGAL ARMY FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE CUP, 1898-99.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Derby betting is a dead-letter, and it seems a pity for one good colt to kill the interest in the remaining classic races when he happens to show superiority in the Two Thousand. At present the Blue Riband of the Turf looks a gift for Flying Fox, and it may be that the Duke of



HENRY OF NAVARRE (W. WHITING UP).

Photo by Jarman.

Westminster will win the triple crown. However, there is plenty of time between now and the Doncaster Meeting to improve some of the youngsters that, up to now, have not shown their proper form. I am sure Birkenhead will run a much better colt on the Town Moor than he did over the Newmarket course, and it is just possible that Dominic II. is one of the improving sort. If so, he may easily achieve a victory with Sloan in the saddle. It is, therefore, possible to get a few quotations on the St. Leger later on; but the fact remains that a good horse can freeze speculation on the Derby and St. Leger by winning cleverly at Newmarket, and I do not see why penalties should not be imposed, under certain well-defined conditions.

As I have stated before, the Ascot fixture is very likely to be a best on record this year as a Society function, and poor Lord Coventry will, if rumour does not err, have to refuse thousands of applicants who are desirous of entering the Royal Enclosure. I do not see at all why the



DIAMOND, WINNER OF THE STEEPLECHASE.

Photo by Jarman.

tickets should not be offered at auction. Under this arrangement, sufficient funds could be raised in a couple of years to pay for the re-turfing of the whole course, and that is what is wanted. Let those who are willing to pay for the privilege gain admission to the Royal Enclosure, by all

means. This method would, at any rate, get rid of the grumblers who now have to remain outside. By removing Tattersall's Ring farther down the course, the Royal Enclosure might easily be enlarged to double its present size, and there is plenty of room to spare at the end of the Grand Stand lawn. Why not elect a Committee of Improvements to deal with the whole question of the ring and stand accommodation at Ascot?

I must once more touch on the starting-machine, as we shall never get the new invention adopted in this country unless the agitation in its favour is kept alive. We have seen many provoking delays at the post of late, the majority of which would never have taken place had the starting-machine been in general use. A well-known and highly respected Australian sportsman put the case in a nutshell to me at Kempton when he said, "We in the Colonies have the most perfect faith in the thing, because no horse can get his head in front of the tape; while, if an animal is left, you may take it from me that its jockey was not anxious to get away too quickly." It seems that horses can be made to start from the machine easily in one or two lessons, and by the aid of the invention those cruel flying starts, so unfair to jockeys and speculators, are entirely avoided. Let the starting-machines come, by all means.

At Capetown, besides the two big Turf Club meetings yearly, the smaller meetings for Galloways and ponies held monthly on the picturesque Kenilworth Course are not only pleasant social gatherings, but afford sport of which local racing-men are not slow to avail themselves. The best horses in South Africa owe their excellence to their thoroughbred



THE ATHERSTONE FOXHOUNDS, WARWICKSHIRE.

Photo by Mr. Collingwood Ingram.

English ancestors, and, though deficient in size, owing to the poor feeding and care they get as youngsters, yet they often retain the speed, courage, and other good qualities of their progenitors. These photos represent a couple of popular winners, at the last meeting, from the Government House stable, Diamond being steered to victory in the steeplechase by young Lord Belgrave, A.D.C., while Henry of Navarre, ridden by W. Whiting, who left England twenty years ago, outpaced a good field of Galloways on the flat.

The Salisbury Meeting has seemingly taken a new lease of life, as the ordinary meeting takes place this week, while another fixture under the auspices of the Bibury Club will be held in July; but I am afraid that three days will be found at least one too many for the last-named fixture. The course is one of the prettiest in the country, and there are plenty of good training-stables in the neighbourhood, but it is a pity that the meeting is so difficult to get at from Newmarket. No doubt, Lord Alington, Sir F. Johnstone, Lord Radnor, and one or two local magnates will award their patronage to the fixture, and, of course, the Bibury Club members will muster in force to perform in the saddle. But the public do not tumble over one another to go out to see amateurs perform mildly as knights of the pigskin, and the meeting must, if it is to succeed, originate one or two valuable long-distance handicaps.

CAPTAIN COE.

HUNTING.

This picture of the Atherstone Pack was taken immediately after a run of half-an-hour's duration, which ended in the fox going to ground. In the centre of the pack stands the First Whip; he is coupling the lame hounds that have suffered from the hard condition of the ground, and the young animals which are not yet sufficiently strong to stand the whole day's sport. These are then sent back to the kennels with one of the Hunt servants, while the remainder of the pack moves off to draw another covert. The kodak was carried on a saddle throughout the run, and produced when occasion allowed.

HOW TO SPEND WHITSUN.

Flight from London at Whitsun is afforded by the railway companies, as usual, under very advantageous circumstances. The Brighton Railway Company announce that by their Newhaven, Dieppe, and Royal Mail Rouen route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the special express day-service on Saturday, May 20, and also by the express night-service on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 18, 19, and 20. To ensure punctuality, two or more trains and steamers will be run as required by the traffic. Cheap return tickets to Caen for Normandy and Brittany will also be issued from London, Thursday and Saturday, May 18 and 20, by the direct route, *via* Newhaven, available for return on the following Monday, Wednesday, or Friday. Cheap return tickets to Dieppe will be issued on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 19 to 22, available for return on any day up to and including the following Wednesday.

The South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Railways will run cheap day-excursions on Whit-Sunday and Whit-Monday to Ashford, Canterbury, Deal, Walmer, &c.; also on Whit-Monday to Tunbridge Wells and Hastings. Special cheap excursions will be run to Aldershot on Whit-Sunday and Whit-Monday from London, but not from New Cross. Special trains will be run to Hayes, Blackheath, Greenwich, and Gravesend (for Rosherville Gardens). Cheap day-excursions on Whit-Sunday and Whit-Monday to Canterbury, Walmer, Whitstable, &c. On Whit-Monday a cheap excursion will be run to Tunbridge Wells and Hastings from Victoria (Chatham and Dover). Special cheap tickets will be issued from certain London stations to Paris, Brussels, Boulogne, Calais, Ostend, Amsterdam, Arnheim, Flushing, The Hague, Rotterdam, and Utrecht. The Continental services will be as usual. On and from June 1 next the cheap Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday tickets will be available to return up to and including the following Tuesday. During the excursion period (from June 1 to Sept. 30) ten-shilling third-class return tickets, available for one month and by specified trains, will be issued from certain London stations to Bournemouth, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Deal, Folkestone, and Dover, available to return by any train except the boat and car trains.

The London and South-Western Railway will run a special trip to St. Malo on May 19, to Havre on May 19 and 20, to Cherbourg on May 20, and special daylight trip to Guernsey and Jersey in addition to the usual night-service on May 20, returning on certain days. Cheap excursions will be run on May 19 to Exeter, Torrington, &c.; on May 20 to Southampton, Bournemouth, Plymouth, South and North Devon, Swindon, Cirencester, Cheltenham, Bath, Burnham, Bridgwater, Shepton Mallet, Dorchester, Weymouth, Southampton, Winchester, Gosport, Romsey, Salisbury, Petersfield, Portsmouth, &c. Day-excursions at reduced fares on Whit-Sunday to Southampton, Portsmouth, Ryde, Aldershot, Farnham, Cowes, &c. On Whit-Monday there will be a special trip to Exmouth, &c.

The London and North-Western Company will run a special express train at 4.10 p.m. on Friday for Liverpool. On Saturday a special express train will leave Euston at 11.55 a.m. for Birmingham and Wolverhampton, calling at Coventry and Stechford only. On Sunday a special train will leave Euston at 8.50 a.m. for Harrow, Watford, King's Langley, Boxmoor, Berkhamstead, Tring, Cheddington, Leighton, and Bletchley.

The Midland Railway will run cheap excursions to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., for sixteen days, *via* Liverpool, on Thursday, May 18, and *via* Morecambe on Friday, May 19; also to Belfast, Londonderry, and Portrush for Giant's Causeway, *via* Barrow and *via* Liverpool, on Thursday, May 18; to Londonderry, *via* Liverpool, or *via* Morecambe, on Saturday, May 20, to return within sixteen days as per bill of sailing; on Friday night, May 19, to Carlisle and Scotland, by which third-class return tickets at a single ordinary fare for the double journey will also be issued, available for returning on any day within sixteen days. On Whit-Monday, May 22, to St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, Bedford, Kettering, and Leicester, for one day; to Birmingham, for one, four, or five days; and to Manchester, for the races, on Thursday (Midnight), May 25, returning Saturday, May 27. The Season Excursions from St. Pancras to Matlock, Buxton, &c., will begin on Saturday.

The Great Western Railway Company announce excursions on Thursday, May 18, to Cork, Killarney, Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, &c.; on Thursday night, to Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, Carmarthen, Milford, and other stations in South Wales; on Friday, May 19, to Gloucester, Cheltenham, Worcester, Hereford, Shrewsbury, Oswestry, Aberystwyth, Manchester, Bath, Bristol, Taunton, Minehead, &c.; on Friday night, to Exeter, Plymouth, &c.; on Saturday, May 20, to Newbury, Dorchester, Weymouth, &c.; and on Saturday night, to Swindon, Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Newport, &c.

Cheap tickets, available for eight days, will be issued to Brussels, May 18 to 20 inclusive, and May 22, *via* Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle for Switzerland, special facilities are offered *via* the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route; through-carriages being run to Amsterdam and Berlin, Cologne and Bâle. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger-steamers will leave Harwich on May 17 and 20 for Hamburg, returning May 21 and 24.

THE WHITEFRIARS CLUB.

Amongst the literary clubs of London, the Whitefriars stretches back into an antiquity which only a few veteran journalists can decipher. The club-rooms at Anderton's Hotel, in Fleet Street, have a collection of portraits comprising more than a generation of bygone presidents. Age, however, has not weakened the vitality of the Club, and the "ladies' night" in the Medicis Room of the Hôtel Cecil was the occasion of one of the most representative and animated social gatherings of the London season. Friar Gilbert Parker took the chair, and was supported by many distinguished members and guests. Mr. Spurgeon is one of the secretaries of the Club, and the arrangements bore strong traces of his organising genius. The three principal toasts were "Sovran Woman," "Mere Man," and "Our Kinsfolk Across the Sea," and they produced speeches which, for sustained interest, were distinctly out of the common. To begin with, Mr. Gilbert Parker revealed just those qualities in a chairman which give an unfailing stimulus to all the speakers. He filled the atmosphere with electricity. Then Mr. Hall Caine proposed "Sovran Woman," with an eloquent tribute to the position of woman in the modern world. It did not meet the views of Mrs. Fawcett, who, with much skill, contrasted this royalty of woman with her own exclusion from the list of Parliamentary electors. She described her encounter with a rate-collector, who reminded her that, although a householder, she was "only a female." Mrs. Robert Leighton sketched "Mere Man" from the point of view of a member of the Pioneer Club. She recalled the time when she used to wonder whether the frequent absence of hair from man's skull gave him his intellectual pre-eminence, or whether this resided in his moustache. But, before the speech was over, she relented so far as to admit that women rather liked his society. This concession was seized upon by Mr. L. F. Austin, to the visible satisfaction of all the "mere men" in the company, who had been fingering moustaches and running hands through thinning locks with considerable uneasiness during Mrs. Leighton's sprightly address. Mr. Austin offered Mrs. Fawcett the consoling prospect that she would one day achieve woman's suffrage, and utilise it to remove from the British Constitution that gross anomaly which permits the Parliamentary draughtsman to use the term "man" in Acts of Parliament as if it included woman. "Man does not include woman," said Mr. Austin with much fervour. "It is woman who embraces man." This sentiment roused great enthusiasm. Mr. Anthony Hope was delightfully discursive on the subject of the Anglo-Saxo-Hibernico alliance, which, as Mr. Austin had said, was to be "edited" by Lady Randolph Churchill in her new quarterly magazine. Mr. Hope suggested that the prospects of the alliance depended entirely on the elimination of jokes from the relations between the two great branches of the race with the complicated names. Those relations reminded him of the story of the widower with a family who married the widow with a family, and then had a third family. The proceedings that ensued led the widow to complain to her husband that "your children are hitting my children, and our children are crying."

A WHITSUN SONG.

Here we come a-Whitsunning
In gowns of white and green,
Maidens one-and-twenty,
So bonny to be seen.
Basketfuls of flowers
Every maiden bears;
Hawthorn and whitethorn,
Ay, and tares.

Here we come a-Whitsunning,
Singing down the street,
With garlands and girdles
Of hawthorn blossoms sweet.
Pray you give us silver,
And happy may you live!
Bread and milk and honey,
Pray you, give!

Here we come a-Whitsunning
With our garlands brave;
She who gives us silver
Whitethorn wreath shall have;
She who gives us honey
Wins a primrose-ball—
Out, and give your awmous,
Housewives all.

Here we come a-Whitsunning,
Maidens twenty-one;
Pray you take our posies
Ere their sweets be done.
He that feeds and rests us,
Flowers shall be his—
Ay, and ere we leave him
Each fair maid shall give him
One sweet kiss.

NORA HOPPER.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Of all materials, crape seems to be the crux of the hour in Paris, probably because it so much partakes of that clinging character so necessary to our ideas, though so destructive to our comfort at the moment. Although ridicule has been hurled unsparingly at the skirts of



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A PRETTY ROSE-COLOURED BALL-DRESS.

fashion that cling like Tommy Hood's "cerements" to the female form divine, yet, in spite of ridicule, in spite of discomfort, in spite of dusty streets, and extravagances generally, we cling to our clinging draperies. Both our waists and that part of the altogether which is just below become tighter and still more tight every week, while cashmere, and still more the crape of our present cherishings, betray every curve and movement of the body in the most unblushingly realistic manner.

The modistes in Lutetia have, indeed, whispered of fuller skirts, but there is still no sign abroad of a freer, looser, and more generally untrammelled régime. Probably, as the hot weather advances, and various editions of gauze, thin muslins, and chiffon become our only wear, an increased fluffiness will absolutely be found necessary, but for the moment the only salvation for the bashful woman is either to condemn herself to *démodé* styles or else go forth in jacket and mantle.

A most charming gown of Copenhagen-blue cloth appeared at the Maxse-Whistler picture private view on Tuesday. The upper part of the dress had one of the new boleros of satin, embroidered all over with bluish-mauve spangles. It was short, and resembled a cuirass encircling the chest. A pretty stole of satin, similarly embroidered, fell straight from the front of the corsage, and was edged with blue silk fringe. The back was *en Princesse*, and the skirt was edged with a ruche of blue mousseline-de-soie.

Mrs. Cyril Martineau, whose portrait was so well painted by Mr. Howard, was one of the many pretty women present.

Lady Maude Keith-Falconer looked well, as did Lady Alwyne Compton. Mr. and Mrs. John Dillon were amongst the Irish contingent. Lord Kilmorey looked in for a moment, and Mrs. Mark Napier was also amongst the elect.

One cannot help noticing, by the way, at any smart gathering, the greatly increased amount of jewellery that is now worn by women in the afternoon—chains, bangles, brooches, earrings, and what-not decorating more and more the form of the vain Eternal Feminine. Great chatelaines are now also the fashion, and to them are hung quite large-sized gold purses, little gold puff-boxes, and various other implements of warfare, while the unjewelled tailor-made woman has as completely disappeared from amongst those of the *Monde* as if she had never previously existed.

While on the subject of jewellery, I must really beckon attention to the wonderful collection of diamond and pearl necklaces, and other jewels generally, which the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of Regent Street, are now showing to their wide *clientèle*, while, as if the various and dazzling display of their wonderful jewels were not enough, they hospitably heap coals of kindness on one's head, and add to the delight which a visit to their establishment must already bestow on the mind of any well-regulated woman by dispensing afternoon-tea.

It is well worth knowing, by the way, that, notwithstanding the considerable rise which has rapidly taken place in the price of diamonds all over the world, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, by reason of the enormous stock of uncut diamonds bought in by them last year and previously, are able to sell at the same price as before—an important



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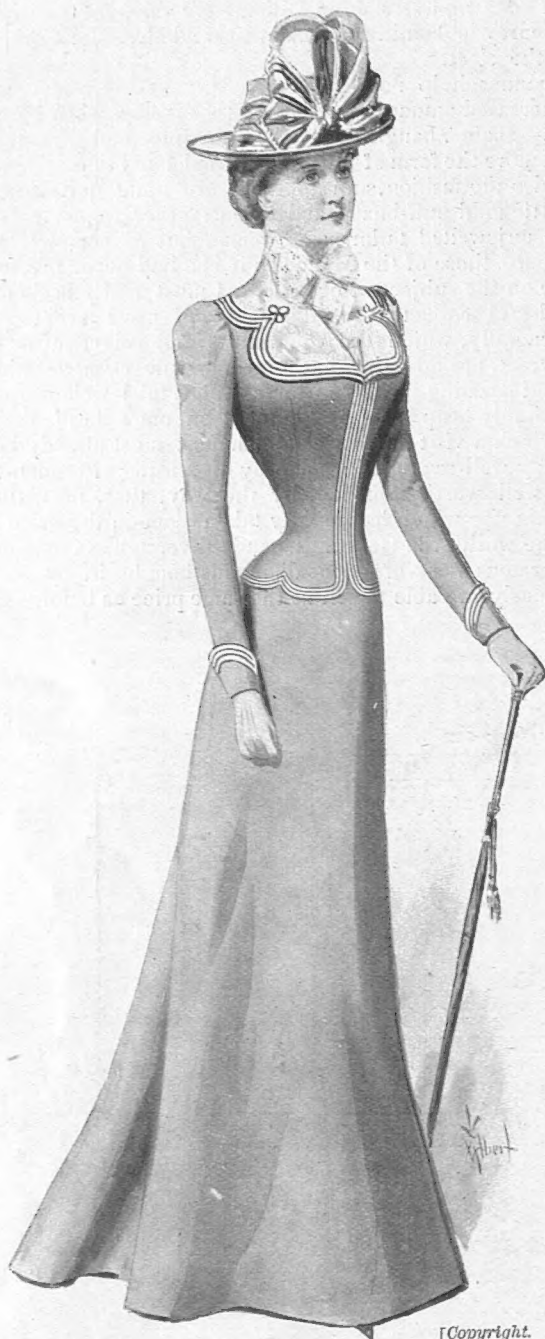
A HANDSOME EVENING-COAT AT LEWIS AND ALLENBY'S.

fact, and one which will be immediately recognised on comparing their prices with those of other merchants who are less well-bestowed in the matter of capital.

In the March of this year it was officially announced that the Diamond Syndicate recently agreed to substantially higher prices for the rough,

in view of which the advantage to be derived from purchasing at the Goldsmiths' is therefore obvious.

Two of the newest designs, one of which is copied from an old Crown jewel, are illustrated in these pages. The flexible bracelet, heavily encrusted with diamonds, is a new and unique design. The



[Copyright.]

A SMART TAILOR-MADE.

brooch pendant is a faithful copy of an antique Russian jewel. The pattern is one that cannot be obtained elsewhere. There is, in fact, artistic skill and culture notably present in all the jewels shown by this famous firm, and it is well worth knowing that the Company actually supply the public at manufacturers' cash prices, there being no middleman between them and their customers.

In the matter of wedding-presents, there are few places where one can be more agreeably and inexpensively fitted up with all the latest and most charming designs. The chased gold circle brooch with a little gold mouse running after a pearl is a charming design for bridesmaids, and quite inexpensive; so are the small pearl necklaces from which dangle little heart-shaped ornaments. A diamond-tassel brooch is a novelty; so is the merry-thought with a pendent pig in diamonds. Woodcock, pheasant, and fox heads for sporting young ladies, cravat-pins in endless variety—both fish, flesh, and fowl being skilfully represented—and all the jewelled charms which we love to hang on

our persons at the moment, are seen here in unimaginable numbers. Lorgnette-chains, corsage-watches, and the ever-useful watch-bracelet are shown in immense variety. There is also a new department for gentlemen's watches, every one of which is guaranteed of the first excellence by the Company; and a long procession of English eight-day clocks, striking or silent, wait enticingly on the fancy of the purchaser, while silver, both domestic and ornamental, is a prominently strong feature at 112, Regent Street. Of course, the diamonds are what will most appeal to every daughter of Eve, and some of the new necklaces and tiaras richly set with these beautiful stones are enough to charm the money out of any well-filled pocket. An immense stomacher of pearls and diamonds is quite one of the things worth seeing, attached to it being a long chain of very fine round pearls with a diamond-cluster brooch at the other end. It is a jewel fit for an Empress. Then there are the diamond combs, which add so much to the evening coiffure of lovely woman, here rendered in all styles, from antique French to the newest and most modern down-to-date English.

A novelty in brooches which I must not omit mentioning is that of a beautifully modelled diamond chicken just emerged from an enamel egg; most gorgeous, too, is the diamond bee-brooch, forming either head or corsage ornament, and one other very exquisite number is a festoon-brooch of diamond and pear-shaped pearls, which spells grace and beauty in all its curves.

Our old friend Mr. Wallace, of Curtain Road, encouraged by the countenance we have given him at the other end of London Town, has now decided to hie him Westward, and is opening a West-End branch in Oxford Street, where all those artistic and charming departures in furniture with which Mr. Wallace has familiarised us will now be on view, without the pilgrimage which one necessarily made to obtain a view of them before.

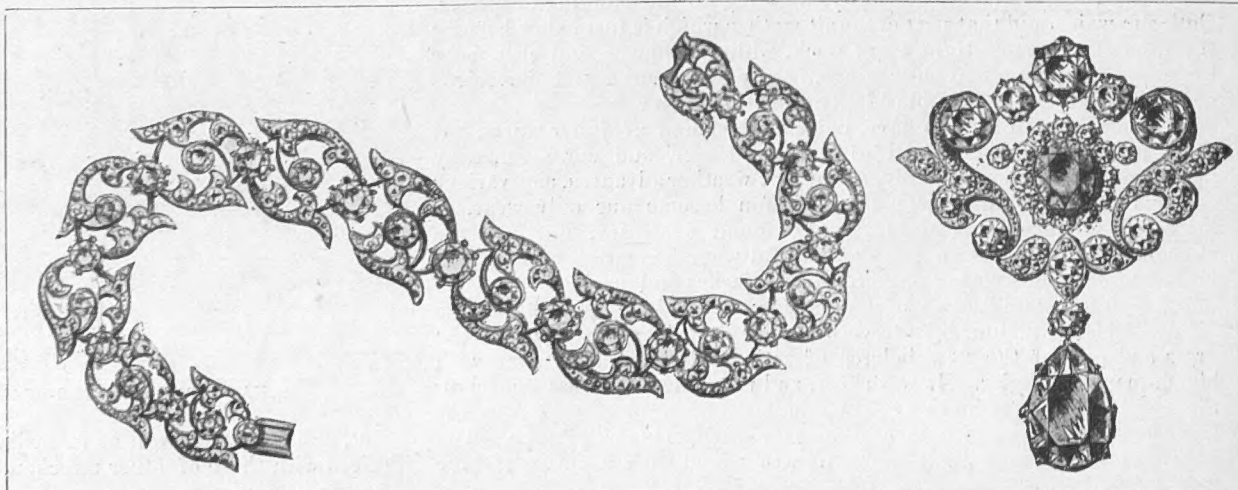
Among many interesting shows which will be crowded closely on each other for the whole of next week may be particularly mentioned that which is being given by Mrs. Shaw (*née* Miss Caroline Crommelin), assisted by Mrs. Anderson. All sorts of antique and modern curios—pictures, casquets, mirrors, and so forth—many of which date from early in the sixteenth century, will be on view at the Modern Gallery, 175, Bond Street, on the 24th inst.

Princess Christian and Princess Louise have given their patronage to this forthcoming exhibition, and quite half Debrett has promised to look in during the afternoon, so that, from the antique to the most modern point of view, the Artistic to the Social, Mrs. Shaw's function should interest a goodly crowd.

The subject of antiques brings before one very particularly the laces, old and new, which are a special feature of this season's fashions. It is many years, indeed, since these filmy creations so queened it amongst all others. Our grandmothers knew the decorative value of lace, and we who live have long kept hidden from mortal sight the heirlooms they left behind them. The decisive turn that fashion has taken within the last season, however, has had the effect of bringing to light the treasures of those of us who are fortunate enough to own hereditary lace-boxes, while the inevitable demand for good lace has caused manufacturers to excel themselves in the creation of those beautiful filmy patterns which now have reached a point of excellence which never had in the history of lace been attained before. It is quite an education to walk into such a fashion-centre as Lewis and Allenby's, for instance, and note the marvellous store of laces, both real and of the finest imitation, which this firm has on hand. Perhaps nothing will more aptly illustrate the height and breadth of their resources than this picture of an evening-cloak, which appears on my pages this week, and which is one of the last creations of Messrs. Lewis and Allenby. The lace of which it is composed is Ecu Luxille, gold thread being worked into the fabric. The white satin of which this beautiful coat is composed admirably throws up the design and workmanship of the superb lace, and frills of kilted chiffon give the necessary fluffiness to front, sleeves, and collar which becomingness requires.

My correspondent "Ninon" will find that, as promised, our artist has designed her a charming little gown for the working-up of her pink silk and chiffon.

SYBIL.



FLEXIBLE DIAMOND BRACELET AND COPY OF AN ANTIQUE BY THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS COMPANY.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 29.

THE MARKETS.

The Settlement has gone off without any hitch and without any appreciable money squeeze, while in nearly all markets there is a distinctly "bullish" feeling, which looks like making for better prices.

From time to time waves of speculation sweep over the markets, and every broker knows that at this moment he is inundated with inquiries and orders from all sorts and conditions of small speculators, whose accounts, if things go well with them, will, perhaps, blossom out into something worth talking about—at least, so the brokers hope.

In which direction the speculative activity will go it is very nearly impossible to say; one week it is copper, the next it is Westralians, the next Industrials—indeed, but for the fact that every sort of good investment is at such an abnormally high price that it is difficult to see how it can be driven higher, we should say that everything indicated higher prices all round; as it is, we cannot see any spot except the Mining Market in which the public craze of the moment can break out.

As to copper, it should by no means be considered that the gamble is over; for the moment it is quiescent, but presently, in all probability, the bustle will be as great as ever, and we know that promoters have a very heavy crop of new copper ventures on the stocks to be launched whenever the wind seems favourable. In Kaffirs, Rhodesians, and Westralians there will probably be active markets, with the usual



MR. ALEXANDER HENDERSON, M.P.
CHAIRMAN OF THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

result of the small punter getting "left" at the top. If the mad desire to buy cheap rubbish could only be avoided, perhaps not much harm would be done. As to Rhodesia, our readers know we have been, and still remain, of a somewhat sceptical frame of mind—indeed, that marvellous last cartoon in *Punch*, representing Mr. Cecil Rhodes as the Pied Piper, exactly expresses our opinion of the whole business. If our readers burn their fingers, they will not be able to write us abusive letters—at least, with any justice.

Our portrait this week is of Mr. Alexander Henderson, M.P. for West Staffordshire, head of the great firm of Greenwood and Co., stock-brokers, and within the last few days elected Chairman of the Great Central Railway. Mr. Henderson likes great enterprises, and has been associated with, and largely instrumental in obtaining the money for, not only the railway of which he has been very fitly elected Chairman, but also of that unfortunate undertaking, the Manchester Ship Canal. He is supposed to be a millionaire, and, as everybody knows, is popular both on the Stock Exchange and in the House of Commons.

HOME RAILWAYS.

The cheerful tone of the Home Railway Market is due in no small degree to the reflections raised by the latest returns of the country's commercial well-being. And, as things go nowadays, the yield upon Midland or North-Western or North-Eastern is pretty good, provided it can be maintained. The weakest spot in the market has been Metropolitan Consolidated, which fell away heavily when the preamble of the Great Central Company's Bill was passed, authorising the latter line to enter London independently of the Metropolitan altogether. The decision was as unexpected as it was disagreeable to the holders of "Mets," but we are inclined to think that the company will be found equal to the blow—should it ever fall—and that the stock will recover to its former price of 127. Districts rose upon the same announcement as caused the fall in Metropolitan, since their lines will probably be used by the Great Central as an outlet to the Docks.

A feature of the week has been the rise in Furness Stock, the market in which is chiefly in the North. As we have previously stated, a rumour has been current that the company is about to be absorbed by the Midland; but although some scheme is probably on hand in connection with the two companies, we should imagine that the North-Western will want to have a finger in the pie, as we believe that the Furness trains are obliged, on one part of the system, to travel on North-Western metals. Midlands are apparently being put up in order to popularise the new issue of stock. It is rather remarkable, by the way, that the company should want to call up *all* the money on their new stock within so brief a period. Can the Midland be wanting money, we wonder? We should advise a sale of "Middys" and a reinvestment into North-Western Consolidated, the price of which appears to offer more scope for a rise. Great Eastern Ordinary and Great Northern Deferred have both touched record figures for 1899 during the week, and to those on the look-out for a stock likely to improve, we may point out the new Great Eastern Ordinary, which, issued at 115 per cent. and with 90 per cent. now called up, stands at about 10 premium.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

The Foreign Market has for some weeks past somewhat neglected its ordinary business, the gamble in Rio Tinto and Anacondas (which are both dealt in in this department) having to a large extent overshadowed all other matters. Rather more interest, however, has been taken this week in Argentine securities, with the result that our prophecy of an appreciation in these bonds has been justified already. Rumours are afloat as to the paying-off of the Funding and some of the other loans, but at the time of writing nothing definite is known. It is a fact of experience, however, that Foreign Market rumours usually have some little ground to go upon, and we should not be surprised if the report crystallised into a modification of the redemption proposals now current. The time has not yet come to sell Argentine things, but the market needs to be narrowly watched, since the trade of the country is inclined to halt for a while, and the locust bands are said to be out once more.

Italian stocks have improved slightly upon the change in the Ministry, and the 5 per Cent. Loan is gradually rising to par. Seeing how well the stock was supported during the late Administration—which can hardly be regarded as a model Government—the "bears" of Italian are likely to suffer still further. Spanish Fours are inactive, the market anxiously awaiting some definite news with regard to the reconstruction of the country's finances, and, although we have been in favour of the stock ever since it was 45, we consider that the price is now high enough, and unlikely to be maintained except by the most strenuous endeavours of the insiders at Paris. A dull market for Transvaal Fives is the natural outcome of the Kruger-Chamberlain duel, and, were it not for the peculiar ideas that exist in the Transvaal upon the subject of foreign obligations, we should be inclined to fancy the bonds as a fair investment to mix with stocks yielding a lower rate of interest. As a speculative investment some of the Chinese loans look attractive. Prices have naturally fallen during the past few months, but, even if China is broken up and its pieces distributed, we should imagine that the bondholders would be fully protected. For the investor who cares to take the risk, we consider that a lock-up of Chinese bonds at their present low values would show a handsome profit in a few years' time. It is the astute and far-seeing people who make the most money in the long run.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The promise of spring that was made to the House at the beginning of the present year is filling the dealing-books of members with page after page of bargains every day. The principal centres of commerce are to be found in the Mining Markets, but there is a steady volume of business in most of the other sections of the House that speaks well for the prosperity of the country at large. Investment stocks are in fair demand, although even trustees are discriminating nowadays between stocks whose yield is within one or two shillings per cent. of each other. The course of Consols has been disturbed a trifle at the prospect of trouble with the Transvaal. The number of various reports that one hears with regard to the state of affairs out there is something surprising. A friend of mine in the Colonial Office hints that in a fortnight's time President Kruger will "hear something to his disadvantage," and that Mr. Chamberlain is at last resolved upon a decisive step. This information is supplemented by an entirely independent letter from a man I know closely connected with the Transvaal Executive, who looks upon the situation as being more serious than outsiders imagine. On the other hand, Cape brokers and merchants declare that there is nothing fresh in the situation, and that the reports we get here are absurdly exaggerated. In Throgmorton Street the war scare of a fortnight ago is now ridiculed as an idea too foolish to be considered, and I noted that my City Editor has been "coming home" on Kaffirs. Buyers of Knights, City and Suburban, and Anglo-French at his prices last week can all obtain 10s. a-share profit. Randfontein have risen $\frac{1}{2}$, and Langlaagte Estate are $\frac{1}{2}$ better. (I shall not charge my Editor for this advertisement.) There appears to be still room for a rise in Langlaagte Estate, now obtainable about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, and possibly the time may be approaching when Shebas will be worth attention, although the market is a bad one at the best of times. Luipard's Vlei are likely to continue their upward course, and Goldfields Ordinary, despite the present high price, will probably see 10 before another six months. It rather looks as though the interim dividend would again be passed, however, and it might be prudent to wait until this point is clear. Meanwhile, people who want a sound 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. investment should consider the Preference shares of this company. The next half-yearly dividend—at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum—is due on July 1.

The American Market is in mourning for Mr. Tom Nickalls and Mr. H. L. Raphael, whose deaths occurred last Wednesday. It is a most singular coincidence that the heads of two of the largest firms dealing in Yankees—one as a jobber, the other as a broker—should both have passed away on the same day. Mr. Raphael had practically retired from the House, transferring his affections to the green at Newmarket, where he indulged his fancy for horses to an extent only permissible to those whose fortunes run into seven figures. He was looked upon in the market as a consummately clever financier, and the large arbitrage and banking business enjoyed by his firm was due to his business faculties and acumen. Of quite another type was Mr. Tom Nickalls. Sport holds his name honoured in England and America, and his sons renewed their father's laurels by their exploits at Henley and elsewhere. Never was he known to refuse help to a fellow-member of the House; there is many a man whose "lamelessness" on the Account-day would have meant ruin had it not been for the generous "Erie King," whose rough exterior covered a thorough sportsman's heart. Well do I remember the day when, newly authorised, I was told to leave a limit with Tom Nickalls in some out-of-the-way American bond whose price varied perhaps once every five weeks. My instructions were to "watch it," and, telling the eagle-eyed old gentleman—of whom I stood not a little in fear—I waited for some minutes at his side. Presently he turned round. "Hullo!" he said; "you here! What are you doing?" "Watching my limit," I said sedately.

The idea of watching a limit in a thing which might not move for weeks was too much for Mr. Tom Nickalls' gravity. With a whole burst of laughter, he slapped me on the back and told me to watch the sun move or a dog grow. Hot and confused, I slipped away, as he began relating the story to his nearest neighbour. Ever since then we were capital friends, and, when he emigrated for a while into the Kaffir Market, frequent were the bargains we did together. The House is all the poorer for its loss of a venerable figure and manly character. For his sons the sympathy of their fellow-members is deep and sincere.

Westralians are holding their position well, but, although there are no

indications of a drop at the moment, I think that the majority of prices are quite high enough. Horseshoes at 50 make the capitalisation of the company five millions sterling, and that is really too much, even for the Golden Horseshoe. Chaffers are fluctuating madly. I am informed that one firm alone bought 18,000 shares last Thursday. Just as an instance of how little insiders know, I may mention that a fellow-member of mine, whose office is in Throgmorton Street, was told to buy himself a thousand on the day before the rise came. He did so, and in twenty-four hours his paper profit stood at £700. His informant then told him to sell the shares, and another thousand as well. This he did too, and in another day the price had risen to a figure at which he was counselled to close his "bear," and the nett upshot of the whole transaction was a loss of a few pounds.

Broken Hill Proprietary at 2½ are a promising investment, and North Mount Lyell at 3½ offer fair scope for a rise. From a man recently returned from the Colar Field, I hear good accounts of the Ooregum Mine, whose prospects are distinctly better than those of Nundydroog. Iron and Steel shares are advancing in favour, owing to the vague talk of an improvement in the metal. How terrible it would be if the public should suddenly develop a fancy to "steel" shares! Such robbery is too awful for contemplation by

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE YANKEE MARKET.

The report of Mr. James Flower's death on Saturday was all that was needed to send an already weak American Market to still lower depths of despondency. This was only natural, for Mr. Flower's interests with the Standard Oil group were known to be immense, and it was feared that the withdrawal of the support of so keen a leader of "bull" markets would fall like a sledge-hammer upon the brokers of Wall Street. Dealings in the Street were prolonged on Saturday far beyond the usual hour, and the excited business that was doing at four o'clock showed how eagerly London endeavoured to discount New York.

There are, however, as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and it would be absurd to suppose that the removal of even all the Standard Oil ring put together would seriously prejudice the American Market for more than a short period. The "rubbish" shares will remain rubbish, and, perhaps, for a time, they will not be taken in hand on the up-grade. Higher-priced securities—forced down by the people who are ever on the watch for opportunities to acquire cheap stock—are bound to rally in accordance with their merits. Such a flurry as occurred last week opens greater possibilities to the investor than to the gambler. Milwaukee, Northern Pacific Preference, and even Atchison Preference, are much more likely to improve than to go still worse, and, as more speculative shares, Louisville and Unions are both cheap at to-day's prices.

Crop estimates are beginning to circulate in the American papers, and the reports which have so far appeared point to another bountiful year, if the weather during the ensuing week or two should be favourable to the lately sown grain. On the other hand, unsatisfactory statements by the Associated Banks have agitated the Wall Street Market lately, and the fact that the money-lenders are unable to support their stocks as readily as usual, owing to the locking-up of capital in Trusts and Combines, is a disturbing feature.

THE GREEK DEBT.

The first report of the Commission for the control of the finances set apart to answer the claims of the Greek bondholders cannot be considered anything but satisfactory. A period of eight months only is covered, and the figures bring us down to Dec. 31 last. It was not until July 13 that matters had got into what may be considered normal working, and, after discharging the various liabilities entrusted to their care, the Commissioners have a respectable balance to invest. Greek trade has been more than flourishing—a state of affairs which we sincerely hope will continue.

THE NEW JAPANESE LOAN.

We are shortly to be treated to a New Japanese loan of £10,000,000 at 4 per cent., to be issued, it is understood, at 90, although we have heard rumours that the price may be a point or two over this figure. Probably the appeal will meet with a good response, and we should not be surprised if there was a scramble for allotments. The country's debt is small, and industrial development is going on at a rapid rate, so that it is reasonable to think a loan of the sum mentioned may be borne without undue strain, especially if our Japanese friends will remember that you must walk before you can run, or rather, that you cannot expect to become a first-rate Power in ten or even fifteen years.

It is also said that we are shortly to see the inauguration of an Anglo-Japanese Bank, with a capital of 10,000,000 yen; but, of course, the enterprise must wait for the coming into force of the new Commercial Treaty in July, for then foreigners will have a *locus standi* hitherto unknown. The increase in Japanese Banking has been very remarkable within the last few years. In 1894 there were about 700 so-called banks doing business, with a capital of 92,000,000 yen in all, while at the end of last year the figures had reached 1800 banks, having a united capital of 368,000,000 yen. Rates for accommodation rule high in the Land of the Chrysanthemum, and a properly conducted Anglo-Japanese institution could afford to do safe and conservative business, make a good profit, and yet cut the ruling prices by 20, or perhaps 30 per cent.

PATTISON'S RECONSTRUCTION.

By this time everybody knows that the reconstruction of this unfortunate whisky business has broken down. We cannot say we are surprised, for we have several times hinted at the probability of trouble, and at the time of the stoppage we openly advised our readers to clear out for what they could get. The true inwardness of the split between the liquidators and the syndicate is not very self-evident, for the refusal to come to terms appears to have come from the former, whose interests,

one would have thought, were all in the direction of carrying through the scheme. Very probably the creditors will get as big a cash return out of a break-up of the assets as by a reconstruction; but the unfortunate shareholders appear now to have lost all chance of saving anything from the wreck, and in their interests, at least, it seems as if the liquidators—Scotchmen though they be—might have conducted the negotiations in a more conciliatory and tactful spirit.

ISSUES.

The London Non-Flammable Wood Company, Limited, is formed with a capital of £135,000, in shares of £1 each, to acquire from the British Non-Flammable Wood Company, Limited, an exclusive licence to use its patent process in certain southern counties in and about London. We do not recommend the investment, for, although there is certainly a great future for non-flammable wood both in warships and general building, we are by no means sure that this company possesses the only available process, or that, if it does, there may not be a dozen others invented within a short time. The weakness of all the present processes, we understand, consists in the cost of the treatment, or rather, the increased price which is asked for the treated article. This may be of no consequence when the Navy is in question, but for general building operations it is of the utmost moment. As to warships, the licence for the Metropolitan counties by no means covers the ground.

Stratton's Independence, Limited, is a company with a capital of £1,100,000, which is not issued in the ordinary way, for the vendor takes all the shares except £100,000, which have been privately subscribed, and the prospectus, as the promoters (The Venture Corporation) naively put it, is "only advertised for public information." Of course, a market is being made on the Stock Exchange, and the object of the advertisements is to induce the public to help in the making by the purchase of shares. In our issue of April 19 we gave two views of the mine and some particulars of Cripple Creek generally. The shares have been dealt in at 2½, which puts the value of the property at over two and a-half millions. The mine is a good one—the best, in all probability, at Cripple Creek—but whether the market price is justified or not we do not pretend to say. The manipulation of the market is absolutely in the hands of the Venture people, who know their way about, and to sell a "bear" would, of course, be a mad enterprise.

Saturday, May 13, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ALEC.—When we first recommended the shares they were about 5s. The price now is 8s. to 9s. Hold for 10s., and then sell.

E. F. C.—See our Notes last week, where the mistake was explained under the head of "The Miscellaneous Market."

H. N.—The Insurance would not suit us, and we agree with you about the slipshod way of doing business. If they are as long in paying claims as in sending policies, it will be a bad look-out for your relations. You had far better next year drop this policy and take out another in the Prudential.

HEYWOOD.—See last week's Notes.

H. C. V.—It is quite impossible for us to foretell the course of events with regard to the brewing trade in America, but we believe the concern in question is not doing well. It was over-capitalised, and to buy more shares at even present price is a mere gamble for anyone but a director or other insider.

SALOPIA.—We really do not know whether any of the mines are still working. If so, they are doing no good. Write to the Secretary of the British Goldfields, 13, Poultry, London, E.C., and ask whether they are still carrying on mining operations.

GLASGOW.—See answer to "Alec." We do not like the Kaffir concern. At what price did you buy? If the loss is not very great, get out.

SCOT.—The people you inquire about do not appear to be at the address given. We have asked the City Police to make inquiries, and will let you know result.

SAFETY.—The name and address of the brokers were sent to you on the 10th inst. We wish you luck with your Measures application.

MAISEE.—Distribute your money over the following securities: (1) Indian Midland Railway stock, (2) Newfoundland 3 per cent. stock, (3) Imperial Continental Gas stock, (4) Canadian Pacific Debenture stock, (5) Nizam of Hyderabad's State Railway Ordinary stock, (6) City of Wellington Waterworks Bonds or City of Auckland 6 per cent. Bonds redeemable in 1930.

OATS.—(1) Fair speculation. (2) Ditto. (3) No. You may as well burn the certificates as waste-paper.

F. J. S. (Peru).—We are obliged for your amusing letter. Your indignation is quite refreshing. If you Peruvians are so honest, why did you default on your debt? It is curious that Spanish-American probity is evidenced by the repudiation of public debts or the scaling-down of interest in every South American State except Chili!! Spanish-American honesty is on a par with Spanish-American State credit, and you have only to look in any European paper, and at the quoted prices of the various Government loans, to see how high the latter stands. A schoolboy friend of ours is much obliged for the stamps on your letter.

F. W. P.—We replied to your letter on the 13th inst.

MONMOUTH.—The shares are all right, but No. 4 is the best. We should prefer Hardebeck and Bornhardt 6 per cent. Pref., as likely to improve in value, to No. 3 on your list. Chadburn's Ship Telegraph Pref. or Measures, Limited, Pref. are also good to hold.

REDNAL.—We have a poor opinion of No. 1; as to No. 2, see answer to "Alec," while as to No. 3, we have very little definite information, but it would not suit us for a speculative mine share to hold. We hear Nine Reefs are likely to go better, also Hall Mines.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Whitsuntide holidays, we go to press early next week. Correspondents will kindly remember this if their letters are not answered in our issue of the 24th inst.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED.

All the necessary documents with regard to this Company were lodged last week with the Stock Exchange Committee for the purpose of obtaining a Special Settlement in, and granting a quotation to, the Debenture Stock and Shares. The first Meeting of Shareholders will be held at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., on May 30, 1899, at 11 a.m.